THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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MISS BANIM'S LETTER.

The Land of Enchantment Between Clifden and Westport.

Quaint Letterfrack and its Inn—"Martin's" View of Things.

FROM CLIFDEN TO ERRISO.

The morning sun was giving promise of a brilliant day as we set out on the journey from Clifden to Westport. Our fellow travelers were the same as on the preceding day, with the addition of passengers who were going on to visit Westport and some of the islands of Clew Bay. Our coachman was no longer Peter, but another just as chatty and good humored, just as watchful of every little act that could give pleasure or comfort to his passengers.

All the way from Galway to Clifden the scenery is very lovely and varied, and would fully content and repay any tourist, even were Clifden and its neighborhood the end of the journey: yet in reality the mind is but prepared for the wild grandeur of the country we are now coming to. Up to this it is possible to describe coherently, to give some idea of lake, moor, mountain, air and sunlight; but, once Clifden is passed, I do not think it would be in any one's power to give a true picture of what the country on to Westport is. Not alone are there endless varieties of form and color, of pictures of soft sylvan beauty alternating with majestic, savage splendor, but all these are continually changing and shifting like transformation scenes; not one moment alike are the colors, the shadows thrown by one mountain upon another, and again the carelessly flitting reflections of the light, fleecy clouds that render the skies of Ireland the admiration of painters. There are narrow, rocky passes between mountains whose abrupt sides form frame through which shine

SUALT VALLEYS,

where golden corn is being hurriedly stooked while the spell of fine weather lasts; or the rocky frame thrown into relief a blue inlet of the sea, where a few fishermen's boats dance in and out among the numerous islands. Then the windings of the road through the mountains give at every turn an entirely new idea of their forms; the mountain that a few minutes ago looked like a steep wall, the next turn in the road shows to be most varied in form, with a sloping shoulder that looks as if it would conduct one gently up to the giant's head, wreathed with its silvery crown of light clouds. Of all the mountain ranges in Ireland, none exceed, in beauty or interest, these magnificent Twelve Pins, which, grouped close together, cover an area of forty two miles. The highest are —Bencor, 2,336 feet; Benbawn, 2,395 feet; Derryclare, 2,220 feet; Benculliaghduff, 2,200 feet.

The bitter, cold morning breeze from the mountains and moors made warm wraps a very comfortable and, indeed, necessary addition to the pleasures of admiring scenery and watching the various groups of country people going to the market. "There's a rale genuine Connemary man for ye now, ladies and gentlemen," said Martin, the coachman. And a comical little figure he pointed to—a stout lad of about 13 years, evidently just got into man's attire for the first time, to go to market this morning along with his mother. He seemed very proud of the notice he attracted, and stood out and turned around well that we might have a full view of the brand new white flannel trousers, and what, from its fine, ample dimensions, must have been the father's Sunday vest of dark grey frieze, and of the new woolen cap with little tuft on top, as if to catch by. The mother wore almost an exaggeration of the dress I saw with numbers of the women about here; a border only of the crimson petticoat showed below the large square of new home-spun white flannel, so ample that it enfolded her head and forehead, met under her chin and fell in folds over her gown—the whole looking strangely foreign, and contrasting very prettily with the green hedgerows and the clear blue and violet of the lands.

ABOUT FOUR MILES BEYOND CLIFDEN

a turn in the road brings full in view the almost land-locked harbor of Ballinakill, looking like a smooth lake, above which the land rises, dotted with green and golden patches of cultivated fields, or "gardens," as all the people here call them.

A few miles through rugged but grand scenery brought us to a lovely valley, as rich and fertile looking as the world we had just turned from was for the greater part wild and unbuilt. To look at this spot one would be tempted to call it the happy valley; one would think that into such a place neither poverty, sickness, nor sorrow could penetrate; that life could only be full of sunshine, and flowers, and pastoral simplicity in this village of Letterfrack, where every cottage looks like a model, and where nature has done her utmost to surround the place with all that can refuse the heart and mind. The hedges are a mass of flowery shrubs and ferns, from among which the graceful crimson fuschia droops in profusion over the road. This village was founded by a Quaker gentleman, who, like so many of his brethren, has been truly philanthropic, cordially helping on the poor of the district, without endeavoring to interfere with their religious or national feelings. A large school has been built there by the society of Christian Brothers, who intend the place as an agricultural and mechanical training school for the boys of the country around. One of the Brothers, Martin told us, "is a grand man entirely; the finest hand at farming, and bee keeping, and butter making in entire world. The grey horse, the off one that goes so well (go on Brother Joseph!) was bought from him, and of course named after him."

Of all places I had yet seen I think the mountain embrasure in which the little hotel of Letterfrack is nestled took my heart! The village is hidden from view: there is only the cottage inn, in the very midst of mountains and looking out on wild lonely scenes that one longs to stay quietly gazing at for ever. Right opposite, so close that you almost think you can touch it, is the

DIAMOND MOUNTAIN,

so called from the pretty Irish diamonds found there. It seems to terminate in a perfect peak, but, like so many of its sisters, it has a lake on its summit, whence innumerable rills trickle down through channels worn in the rock. Two or three of these—only threads at this season—had caught the early sun, and sparkled, high up, like the gems to be found in their beds. Between this mountain and another is the famous Pass of Kylemore, the bare top of the mountain, from which the pass takes its name, glittering a bright blue in the transparent atmosphere. There seemed to be some charm like enchantment over the whole. It was like the freshness of happy youth. I mentally vowed that if it ever were possible, or whether possible or not, I must return some time and spend a month in Letterfrack. And I was not alone in feeling the fascination of the place. Several of our English fellow travelers inspected the comforts of the hotel and made minute inquiries into residence prices, because, they said, it was a place to return to and make their friends come over from England to see.

They were by this time completely thawed, these Sassenachs; more than that, they had become enthusiastic; and still more, were growing tender over the lovely land they were passing through, over the sufferings of the poor, and over the people themselves. For they had now gone more than half over Ireland, and as yet had not met a single one of the terrible ruffians of whom they had been repeatedly warned before crossing the Channel; they had not heard a single shot fired from behind a hedge, nor seen, even once, the mangled corpse of a landlord or an agent.

The English tourists, it is true, saw poverty—great poverty—but they saw it borne with a resignation and a cheerfulness such as they had never before met with: one of them said he had spent fifteen years working among the poor of the English cities; he knew, therefore, where to look for and how to look at the poor, and the people of this country were a revelation to him. He had known nothing of the Irish beyond the little he had read from time to time in newspapers, which tell of a brutal, drunken, lying, dirty, lazy, and altogether demoralized people, living more like brutes than human beings, and unwilling, no matter how well able to do so, to live in any other way than as squalor and dirt. Of the four provinces of Ireland these tourists had already passed through three, and as yet had seen nothing of all the horrors the journals and their own friends had warned them of.

OUTSIDE THE CITIES AND TOWNS

they saw absolutely no drunkenness; the houses of the poor—at least such as were to be seen in the cursory way travelers and strangers could see them—were much oftener neat and tidy than otherwise; and where great uncleanliness was to be seen, there also was a poverty so grinding, so miserable, as to render it almost morally impossible that the wretched inhabitants should have the heart or courage to make their cabins anything but images of the despair and misery of their own hearts.

And yet, now that these foreigners had overcome their first shyness and reserve, and had spoken to the country folk in a way that showed what really good natures lay behind the ice, they were charmed to find how quickly and courteously, with what natural politeness the very humblest responded to a friendly word. Never a brusque repulse, never a curt rejoinder that seemed to say "mind your own business;" never a rough "yes" or "no," but always a way of answering that seemed to invite them to ask what they liked, and welcome, and always a ready smile. True these travelers were unlike most of their countrymen, in that they were willing and anxious to ask an explanation of what they did not understand. They acknowledged that they had never read a single work on Irish history; had never read any work by an Irish writer, until such an Englishman as Gladstone had discovered that the never-to be satisfied Irish really have a grievance. Then, indeed, they began to think there must be something in this Irish question so much written and talked of; they procured one book (Mr. T. P. O'Connor's) and read it—it simply astounded them. Their sympathies were awakened, and they went to the house of commons to hear an Irish debate; were there affected almost to tears by hearing an aged Irish member of the house describe how, in his youth, because he loved his country and wanted to make her free, he had became a '48 man; had been tried for and found guilty of high treason, and had been sentenced to be hanged, drawn, and quartered. With this amount of knowledge of Ireland, they had come over to see things for themselves. But—they had brought sympathy, and that was working wonders, and

THE LAND AND ITS PEOPLE

were fast making genuine, out and-out Home Rulers and "God Save Irelanders" of the Sassenach enemy, and they questioned and talked and admired until at last one of them declared he had no more adjectives in his vocabulary equal to his admiration of the beauties of the scenes on all sides. They had heard—who that hears of Ireland has not?—something about evictions, and, as we drove out of Letterfrack, one gentleman, pointing to a vacant house, said he supposed that was one from which a tenant had been evicted.

"Ah! no, sir," replied Martin, "there was no eviction there; when they do that they come out with the crowbar, and faith, if you once stood that turning out you'd know the signs of it on a house forever after. First they'd turn out the children, and the women, and if there was one sick—no matter if it was the old father or mother, or the wife, or your son there (God between him and all harm) that was stretched on a bed of sickness—they'd take him or her on the poor bed, and if it was the rain of summer or the snows of winter that was falling out on the side of the road they'd lay the creature, without roof or shelter, to die, or to be saved by a miracle. The few bits of furniture is next thrown out on the road, and then the roof, that gave you shelter, and to your father and mother afore you, is stripped from off the walls, and the fire is quenched on the hearth around which the old and the young used to gather when the day's work was done. And if you felt the heart within you go wild at the sight, and at the sound of the crying women and children, and in place of holding your tongue, you spoke out the bitterest words that came from your breaking heart, you'd be run into jail—no thought or care of who was to help the forlorn creatures left there on the cold world, without a home or a roof to cover them! The last few years has been terrible hard on the small farmers about, and it's threatened there'll be plenty such sights afore long. You'll be in Westport on Monday. Well, there's forty writs out against one townland about eight miles from Westport: a power of police went there this very morning along with the soldiers from the town, and if you want to see what evictions is like, take a car there. I wouldn't be in it myself for ten pounds, though I am a poor man. It is only a week ago there was such a sight beyond there, behind that mountain, as would move a heart of stone;

THE VERY POLICE HAD THE TEARS IN THEIR EYES

when they went to rise a poor young woman that was all but gone with consumption. I give yees my word, used as they are to hard sights, they couldn't do it, but made up between theirselves and the sheriff, the rent—three pounds it was, with costs. They said they couldn't carry out what maybe would be a corpse in their arms. Consumption, they said, the creature was bad with. Want of consumption, I say. For sorra the ha'porth she had to put between her lips these twelve months but potatoes and yellow meal, and if ever ye had sickness on ye, ye know well the heart turns against what is fine and wholesome for them that is strong and well. The children thrives stout and rosy on the potatoes and the fresh air, and the light hearts that the Lord—praises be to His name for all his mercies—gives every one of us to begin with; but it's hard for the man or woman that has to work hard, late and early, maybe weakly, too, to get strong on them. God knows it is, though they's easily contented, and they would rather have half enough in the land they love and in the free air of heaven than riches anywhere else. But before long there won't be many left to want for it's said the landlords mean to root us out, clear and clean, and they are doing it fast. I don't know what they want, at all, at all. They don't know themselves, unless it is to get shut of every soul in the country, and then build high walls around themselves and sit down in their loneliness in their big houses. In former times it was 'to h—ll or Connacht with yees, Irish.' Well, we were drove into Connacht; we toiled and we worked, we made our homes in it, and we grew to love the very stones; our hearts grew to the place, for still it was Ireland, and the people we came among were Irish. It was a hard country to make a living in, with all the bogs and stones, but it was like a sight of Paradise to look at, so that to leave it is like tearing the very heart-strings out of us. But now 'it's to h—ll or America with yees'—that's the word now! O—oh—o!" said Martin, drawing in a long breath, as if to say more would be too much for him.

"He's exaggerating about the food, is he not?" one of the tourists whispered, after a long pause. He had an answer that was more convincing than any words of ours could have been. A flock of

LITTLE MOUNTAIN MAIDS,

at least ten in number, had been racing behind, their panting breath making the most curious breezy sound, like wind through leaves. Just as Martin ceased to speak he came to a rising ground where he slackened speed and the little things caught up, holding on to the car everywhere, anywhere, like a cluster of bees.

"What had you for breakfast, Mary?"—of a bright, curly haired little girl. "Potatoes, ma'am," said Mary briskly. "And what had you with them?' "Nothing, ma'am." "Had you no milk?" "No, ma'am, we have no cow." "What had you for dinner?" "The child looked puzzled, and gave no reply; she evidently only knew of two daily meals. "What had you for supper yesterday?" "Potatoes, ma'am." "Had you anything with them?" "Yes, we had salt." "Had you no milk?" "No, ma'am—we have no cow." This explanation she repeated in a tone that showed the child thought I was wanting in clear comprehension.

"My God!" was the only comment of the stranger. He was convinced.

Yet the children were, most of them, straight, fine-limbed little things, bright and fresh and evidently possessed of the hearts Martin spoke of.

Certainly, even were the peasantry entirely free of rent in this part of the country, it would still be difficult for them to live with any great degree of comfort; for exquisite as are the surroundings on every side, the mountains are for the most part barren rock, the patches of short grasses and lichen only supporting a few cattle and sheep, and the land is nearly all of a soft, light peat that would require ceaseless labor and considerable capital to drain and reclaim. The Connemara women work as hard as men, in many districts—with the help of the children—doing the field labor as well as the house work. For, so impossible is it for these people to make the rent out of their holdings, that all the men and big boys are obliged to migrate in summer to England and Scotland in order there to earn, during the harvest farm work, enough to bring home the year's rent, with perhaps a pound or two to help them over the winter. Now that the farmers of England have also felt the effects of foreign competition, and that they can no longer pay so many farm laborers, the poor Connacht men have in a great measure lost this source of assistance for their landlords.—*Mary Banim in Dublin Freeman.*

ROMAN ECHOES.

Wishing His Holiness a Happy Christmas—The Armenian Churches.

[*Roman Cor. Liverpool Catholic Times.*]

THE PAPAL COURT.

On Monday morning, Dec. 23, the Holy Father admitted to his mass, at 8 o'clock, in his private chapel, the members of the noble pontifical household, to whom he also distributed the holy communion according to custom. His Holiness was assisted by Mgr. Francis Cassetta, archbishop of Nicomedia, chief almoner to his Holiness, Mgr. William Pifferi, bishop of Purfireone, pontifical sacristan, and Mgr. Ministri, prefect of the apostolic ceremonies. On Tuesday at noon, the Holy Father received the sacred college of cardinals in the throne room, when his Eminence, Cardinal Monaco La Vallette, as dean of the sacred college, read aloud at the foot of the pontifical throne an affectionate address adapted to the occasion: namely, that of wishing him what we would call in English "A Happy Christmas," to which the Pope replied, thanking the cardinal-dean, and the others in whose name he had read the address, for the kind wishes therein expressed, and wishing them the same most cordially. He then went on to protest against the violence to which both himself and the church are subjected daily more more and more after which came an allusion to the encyclical letter to be published at the opening of the New Year upon the duties of Christian families, and he finished up by wishing them all, not only the cardinals, but also the archbishops, bishops, prelates, and the other members of the pontifical court, a Happy New Year, to all of whom he finally gave the solemn apostolic benediction. On Thursday morning the supreme pontiff admitted into his august presence a representation of the Noble Guard, the Palatine Guard of Honor, the Swiss Guard, and Pontifical Gendarmerie, who wished his Holiness, in their own name, and that of their brethren all the happiness and blessings during the Christmas festivities and for the New Year. The Holy Father then passed into the throne room, where he found the whole of the Noble Guard awaiting him, to whom he imparted the apostolic benediction, addressing them in an affectionate discourse. He then blessed the officers of the other military corps of the palace, who were in the adjoining rooms, and he stayed sometimes taking to them. The officers were presented personally to his Holiness, by General Count Adolphus Pianciani, who afterwards accompanied them and went through the same ceremony of presentation and good wishes to his Eminence Cardinal Rampolla, secretary of state to His Holiness.

CHRISTMAS IN ROME.

As everywhere else in the civilized world the feast of Christmas has an especial charm for all here in Rome, but more by reason of the ecclesiastical functions than the civil festivities, although the feast *en famille* contributes not a little to the universal joy which the thought of Christmastide awakens in the breasts of old and young, rich and poor. Here we had the usual Christmas weather—far different from our notions of it in merry England of frost and snow and waking in the morning to see nature clothed in the white garb of innocence—wet, gloomy, and the sky continually overcast with clouds; and to make matters worse, that detestable sirocco wind, which upsets the nervous system of everyone whose nerves are not actually made of castiron or something akin to it, native and foreigner alike without distinction.

MIDNIGHT MASS.

In many public and private chapels there were celebrated midnight masses and other services appropriate to the solemn and joyous occasion.

AT THE ARMENIAN CHURCHES.

The Armenians have a curious and singular privilege of celebrating mass on the afternoon of Christmas eve; in accordance with which the students of the Armenian College celebrated the office and solemn high mass in the Armenian rite at 2 p. m. on Tuesday afternoon in their church of St. Nicolo da Tolentino. At 3 p. m. the same afternoon the office and pontifical high mass was sung in the Armenian rite in the church of St. Biagio; in the Via Guilla. At midnight masses were celebrated in the churches of St. Louis dei Francesi, at Aracoeli; St. Maria dell 'Anima; the National Teutonic church; in the church of the French Seminary; in the beautiful little church of St. Joseph's college, under the direction of the Christian Brothers, in the Piazza di Spagna; St Andrea al Quirinale; in the oratory of St. Celsus, and many others; in the private house also of the Countess de Kynovich, where a private chapel was fitted up for the occasion, and a sumptuous repast afterwards provided for the privileged few who were invited.

THE ARTISTS' AND WORKMEN'S CATHOLIC ASSOCIATION.

In the chapel attached to the headquarters of this excellent society, the recitation of the office of Christmas began at 10:30 p.m., afterwards followed by the solemn inauguration of the beautiful little crib they had there; and at 12 a. m. exactly began the first of the three masses for Christmas. Many of the members of the association attended, thus sanctifying in a fitting way the birth of the holy festival tide of Christmas. A plain, but becoming breakfast was provided for those who had assisted at the masses.

THE NEW YEAR OF 1890

The coming New Year is to be looked forward to as bringing new trials for the church in Italy, and heralding in the operation of two of the most iniquitous laws ever seen in this or any other country, or conceived by the most perverted and abandoned of the enemy's camp. With the first day of 1890 comes into force the new penal code; which, in the name of that much vaunted god called Liberty, is to run down and persecute the priests of God's church and deny them the ordinary and common rights of citizens in this benighted and Masonic ridden peninsula; but that was not enough for Crispi. He must also deprive his fellow countrymen of the nice little plum of two miliards of francs, on the pretext of giving them to the poor, and exclude priests for the future from any participation whatever in the administrations of charities. We shall soon—far too soon for the sake of the poor—see how the immense sums are to be administered, and who are the so called poor for whom the great despotic tyrant has suddenly found a tender place in his heart, if he rejoices in the possession of such an article at all! The political horizon, however, presents rather a gloomy and overcast aspect for Crispi during the coming year. His despotism in parliament has aroused the ire and just indignation of the chamber of deputies and the senate, the members of both houses, have retired for the recess, swearing vengeance on his head, and vowing to have more respect and attention paid to their questions in the chamber, liberty of speech and vote, and less general coercion, or else to insure his complete overthrow. It remains to be seen how Crispi will deal with this audacious mutiny in the camp, of which he made King Humbert say but a week ago that "with pleasure he had observed the non existence between his government and the chamber of deputies of other disputes than those of pacific outcome, a pledge to Europe of a fruitful tranquility." What now becomes of the pledge to Europe of future tranquility? What will the coming year of 1890 bring forth for Italy and for Europe? Wait, finally, for the church and the Holy See? The year itself must answer. God grant it may be better and more fruitful than the past!

MGR. TONER AT NAPLES.

With the approbation of Eminence Cardinal Sanfelice, archbishop of Naples, the Right Rev. Mgr. Toner, of Plymouth, Penn., U.S.A., missionary apostolic for the holy see, will preach a sermon in English, for the benefit of the African missions, in the Church della Vittoria a Chiaja, on Sunday, Jan. 5, 1890, at 3 p. m. A select choir will sing before the sermon, and at the benediction of the blessed sacrament which will be given on the occasion. Mgr. Toner is appointed by order of the cardinal archbishop, the English confessor for this church, Della Vittoria a Chiaja, and will, while in Naples, be in the confessional every morning after he has said holy mass, or at any other proper time by giving him notice at the Hotel Grande Bretagne.

PRACTICAL CHARITY.

That is What Eleanor Kirk Calls the Work Done by Mrs. Booth's new Organization, "The Slum Corps"—How Bill Nye Looks

BROOKLYN, N Y., Jan. 20.—Mrs. Booth, of the Salvation Army, has organized what she calls "The Slum Corps." This missionary work has special reference to the babies and young children of the very poorest and most depraved class. The men and women composing this organization, go into the highways, byways and gutters, into the holes and corners, into the rooms where drunken husbands beat their dying wives, and where drunken mothers forget their cold and hungry children and their shrieking, suffering infants. "The Slum Corps" looks out for these forlorn little ones, and uses every possible influence to redeem the parents. A great effort is now being made to establish a home where sick and neglected children can be taken care of, and where mothers who are trying to earn an honest dollar can place them while they do, or try to do. No more practical charity was ever planned. At the first meeting in New York the other evening, one lady who had attended for the sole purpose of amusing herself, was so much affected by Mrs. Booth's description of the awful misery prevailing among the people, that after contributing what little money she had with her, she tore off her rings and bracelets and threw them in the wicker basket. Mrs. Booth is as lovely in manner and appearance as she is earnest and plucky in her work of aiding and saving the unfortunate. Everybody who knows her, loves her, and there is not a woman in New York and Brooklyn to-day so popular with all classes as she. She stands as the practical and cultured exponent of the principles of the Salvation Army. When we listen to her powerful words, it is no longer the hurrah and hallelujah circus we once thought it, and we learn to have patience with the cymbals and the drums, and to understand that the inhabitants of the slums can never be reached by the usual priest and minister, or by fine rhetorical phrases and logical statements.

"It is very plain that you do not know what trouble means, or you would be more sympathetic with other people's sorrows," a disturbed correspondent writes me. There is a lot more rubbish of the same sort in the four pages with which I am favored, but the above growl is all I have room for. There is an invitation in every line for me to stop up to the Captain's office and tell the stories of my different anguishes, if peradventure I have ever experienced any. I have no such stories to tell, and I have no patience with prolonged histories of personal sufferings. I would infinitely prefer to be thought free from all the ills to which flesh is usually heir, or even to be thought unkind and constitutionally unsympathetic, than to degrade myself by dwelling upon this ache and the other agony, this death bed scene and that horrible accident. Now, I have just this to say, and I wish my friends to understand that I mean every word of it. The troubles which have seemed the hardest for me to bear, have proved my greatest blessings. With St. Paul I believe that while all trouble is grievous and hard to be borne, there are such things as "the peaceable fruits"—if not of right up and down "righteousness" in my case, at least of a gradual, beneficent unfolding. So, set your teeth and bear it, whatever it is, and do your best to forget it in ministering to the comfort of others. Oh, there is so much to do and it is such glorious work. The sooner you forget yourselves, the better for yourselves and your neighbors.

In this connection a little incident which has just occurred, may be of interest. A gentleman connected with a well-known periodical, in asking a slight favor at my hands for a man in trouble, mentions him as "my convict friend." This went straight to my heart. Just think of it. I have ever so many convict friends, but I have never had quite the courage to call them so to others. But why not? This letter has made me wish to do something for these friends without delay, and it has also made me a little ashamed of myself. And now, what do you do with your old magazines, your *Pucks*, and your *Harper's Weeklies*, and *Vasars*, and *Christian Unions*, and *Independents*, and all the rest of our helpful and brilliant periodical literature, when you have finished with it? If you stow it away in your garrets and cellars, you are very mean indeed, when the dear friends in our hospitals and our friends in prison need them so much. It will do you good to take these bundles yourselves, and I will guarantee that if you do, you will be quite as much helped as the recipients of your kindness.

One of the worst cases of pneumonia that I have ever known, came from the following cause: The basement heater needed cleaning, and the master of the house undertook the work. After two hours the job was completed and the amateur mason in a dripping perspiration. His wife seeing his condition and realizing the danger of a too sudden cooling off, brought him a thick coat. "Do you think I am a baby or an invalid?" he inquired crossly. "I want you to understand that I am warm enough as it is." Then the foolish creature lay down on the lounge in the cool back parlor and read the newspaper. An hour later, he had a chill, and that evening the doctor pronounced him dangerously ill of pneumonia. He will probably die. If he does, somebody will be sure to remark upon "an inscrutable Providence." I should be hopelessly sorry for "Providence" if I did not feel sure that "Providence was able to bear it. Many are more thoughtless than ignorant in this matter of taking cold. A woman will leave her cooking or ironing table and go into a cooler room to entertain a friend, perhaps. She does not realize that she has been so heated until she feels the approaching chill, and knows that the mischief is done. Let us all remember to put on an extra wrap when in a perspiration or over heated, and to keep it on until the bodily temperature is perfectly normal.

Seven eighths of the victims of the "grippe" are said to be men. The famous Pasteur declares that if men will leave off smoking tobacco, and go to smoking camphor, they will both cure and prevent this disease. Another French scientist is getting ready to show that tobacco contains a more or less deadly poison, and so it goes.

A correspondent wishes me to tell her exactly how Bill Nye looks. I have never met this gentleman in private life, but on the platform he appears somewhat after this fashion. Imagine a big, new born baby's head, with a seraphically passive countenance, and a pair of eyeglasses. Stick this head on a sizeable neck, with a picadilly collar and a white tie, and you have the top of Bill. Then imagine a pair of loping, sloping shoulders, say, three feet wide, with a sort of "I wish I could hide" expression, a long, lank body that would look just about as well in a basque and petticoat as in a full dress suit, and you have the rest of Bill, with the exception of a pair of apparently adjustable legs, scooped out from the knee down, as if intended by the architect for a trough of some kind. These elongated troughs or cupboards, with their broadcloth portiers, "Will always bring a giggle, if there's any giggle there." Words fail to describe the humorist's hands and feet. The first seem as passive and infantile—notwithstanding their size—as the face; and the latter? well, they are evidently beyond his strength to lift. I hope he will not strain himself in the endeavor, for in these days of "grip" and blues, to have the men laid up who can make us forget our miseries, would be a national misfortune.

ELEANOR KIRK.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all other throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all other Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 149 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

"CONVICT NO. 25"

—OR—

The Clearances

—OF—

WESTMEATH.

BY JAMES MURPHY,

Author of "Hugh Roach, the Ribbonman," "Ulic Fitzmaurice," "The Fortunes of Maurice O'Donnell," "Nollie, or the Lost Treasure," "The Forge of Clohogue," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CONVICT CELL.

A bare, whitewashed cell. A small camp bed, wherein lies something muttering and raving, sometimes breathing sterterously, a sick man. A small table on which is a wooden bowl and a wooden spoon. A small low stool, on which sits, is two hands on his knees, a little man, looking much smaller, too, he really is, by reason of his low id crouching position, but with two s eyes that wander unc asingly he bed to the little circular hole in on shutter through which a gleam of makes its way in, and through which eading sentinel outside can at any ent peep and see how things inside oing.

At the same time on any day for the three weeks the same tableau might presented itself to anyone looking the cell. With eye and ear ready for slightest motion on the part of the man, Clareman was ever on the alert. His eye was quick to notice the unexpressed wish for a drink, and his hand ready to give it. It was only water, but perhaps, so much the better. There was at least nothing adulterated or dangerous in that.

So, too, when the wearied and burning form wanted a change of position, his restless eyes noticed it at once and Clareman's hand, gentle as a woman's, helped the unconscious form to the desired rest. Lying on the bare floor at night, or on the hard boards, his quick ear caught the slightest sound or movement, and he was on his feet at once and ready to attend.

So he had fed and tended the flickering light of life, as it brightened up a little or sank down, as the fever fire burned along the patient's veins and raged in his brain for weeks.

The crisis had arrived to day and the fever would leave, or it would bring death a its companion.

Clareman's eye was therefore on the little circular opening in the door, waiting for some shadow to darken it—waiting, in fact, for the doctor.

The patient had latterly fallen into a soundless and motionless sleep, which he did not understand and could not account for. Clareman was therefore much perturbed, and his always restless eye revolved with wonderful quickness from bed to door and from door to bed. Finally it fastened on the door as a shadow seemed to cross and darken the opening, excluding the light that entered through it. A key rustled and grated in the lock, and the door opened.

Bidding Clareman a kindly good day in a pleasant cheerful manner, to which Clareman responded shyly, looking downwards after the timid manner of one not accustomed to be spoken to, the doctor walked to the bedside, took up the patient's hand and felt his pulse, listened to his breathing, placed his hand on his heart, looked at his watch, and again noted the beat of his pulse.

He laid the hand down again gently, and—to the great surprise and disgust of the two hospital attendants who accompanied him to the door—walked over and shook hands warmly with Clareman—who was watching his motions with quivering attention—very much, indeed, to Clareman's retiring embarrassment.

"He is safe," said he. "The crisis is over. The fever has left him. He will wake without it. He will be very weak, and will need care. I shall see that he gets it. I never saw devotion like yours. It brightens humanity. You have saved his life—whatever it may be worth to him. What was he convicted of?"

"He told me for nothing," said Clareman humbly; his gratitude to the doctor for his good news making him nearly ready to go down and kiss his feet.

"And what are you in for yourself?"

"For nothing," said Clareman with more demonstration of courage.

"Oh, well," said the doctor laughing, "it ought to be for nothing; for your courage and attention to him should wipe away a thousand offences."

He made some pencil notes in his note book; and closing it up, and placing it in his breast pocket, said—

"I will not tell you to attend to him—because there is no need, your faithfulness needs no order. But I will send you such nourishment as his weakness requires. You will give it to him little by little at first, until he gets stronger. But I need not tell you. Your kindness will teach you what to do. I shall call again to morrow, or if not, the following morning. Good day."

And he passed from the room with a nod to Clareman, as friendly and pleasant as if the convict dress were a court suit, and the red number on the lapel of his coat a diamond order.

Convict No 25 slept soundly all the evening, slept soundly all the night: and Clareman was awakened when the first light was breaking through the prison window high up, and through the circular opening in the door, by his calling for a drink. Clareman himself had slept little for the past twenty-one days and nights, but he had (the danger over) slept soundly this night. He was on his feet from his bed of boards in a twinkling and by the caller's side.

The convict's eyes settled on him slowly and inquiringly as he took the drink.

"How do you find yourself?"

'Better."

'A little weak, I think"

"I am," said Convict No. 25 wearily, "a little weak."

"You've had a long fit of it," said Clareman. "It's all over now, thanks be to God! Rest yourself. You'll be all right in a few days."

"Am I long here?"

"Just three weeks."

"Three weeks!" said Convict 25 with a faint attempt at surprise. "I thought it was only yesterday."

"It's three long weeks," said Clareman, "and you need not say a word it wasn't for ever. You've been very ill?"

"Have I? I think I have. I cannot raise my hand."

"Well, you need not raise it. Lie quiet."

"Don't I know you? Where did I see you before?"

"Don't try to remember now. Go to sleep again. I'll sit beside you. You're not strong enough yet to speak."

And so covering him up, that the faint light coming in should not fall on his eyes or disturb him in his sleep, he helped him on his side, and the patient was off again, Clareman sitting on the side of the bed all the time, and watching his patient with tender kindness.

Towards evening the latter woke again, much refreshed, but still very weak

"I saw your face before?" asked Convict No. 25.

"So you did," said Clareman.

"I forget where," said the former, vaguely trying to remember.

"Don't mind thinking of it now. You'll know time enough."

"I remember now. 'Twas on the march yesterday."

"No; Not yesterday. Three weeks ago."

"Ah, yes, you told me this morning, I remember," said the patient. "Was it you attended me all the time?" he asked again after a pause.

"Yes, I minded you. 'Twould be the poor minding you'd get from the people here."

The patient turned on him with a look in which thanks and gratitude and affection were blended.

"Don't mind that now," said Clareman, as he noticed the look; "it's only what one man ought to do for another—any Irishman, at any rate."

"Three weeks!" said the patient; "it was a long time. For a stranger, too. I hope I can repay it some day, though," as his eye fell on the red number on the convict's dress, recalling his own position to him. "it's very unlikely."

"It is unlikely," assented the other. "For ten years—not three weeks, not three months, not three years, but ten long years; in sickness, or in sorrow, in lonesomeness—or—or in worse," said he, as the old frightened look came into his eyes, "I never heard one word kinder than a curse, nor got a drink of water that I did not crawl out and get for myself."

The look of fear in the frightened eyes again brought to the patient's recovering memory the Clareman's strange story, told at the dinner hour, when they halted by the stream.

"Are you ever tormented now?" he asked.

"No, not lately. Speak easy.

"Never since?"

"Only once."

"Once—when?"

"The first night."

"Here?"

"Here."

"In this place?" said Convict No. 25, lifting his eyes to the barred window, and to the iron door, and to the otherwise blank and solid walls.

"In this place, as he came into many like it before."

'Did he speak?"

"Speak! No."

"Did he stay long?" asked Convict No. 25, after a pause, in which he began to feel a shade of alarm grow upon himself.

"A long time. Standing there before me! Looking at me. Always looking at me. He went away when you called for a drink, and I got up to give it you. I couldn't stir afore that."

"But never since?"

"No, never since. But don't ask me any more about it," said he in a whisper, as if some invisible enemy were at his back. "I don't like it."

"Well you've been a good friend to me at any rate," said Convict No. 25; "and it's hard but I'll have some chance of returning it. I'm stronger than you, I think."

"You are, indeed," said Clareman with a sigh. "Ten years in jail—most of it shut up in a dark cell—does not leave a man much strength of mind or body."

"I mean, I will when I grow well, as please God I will," said the patient, correcting himself. "What is your name?"

"My name," said Clareman. "My name? What is it? Sure I must know it. I'll tell you in a minute," added he thoughtfully, as he tried to remember. "I'll have it in a minute. It's on the top of my tongue. It's ten years since I was asked that afore. My number is 37, but my name," he paused again reflectively.

"Oh, I have it now," he added, in a burst of thought, "I knew it was Phelim something, but I couldn't remember what. It's only by thinking of my poor wife's name I could remember it. Her name was Mary Rorke. My name is Phelim Rorke. Say Phelim Rorke," added he—"it's ten years since I heard it—till I see how it sounds."

'Phelim Rorke," said the patient, with a smile, which even in his weakness, he could not repress.

"It does sound well," I think, said Clareman, as he listened eagerly for the sounds, "but it sounds strange. I don't think I ever heard it sound like that long ago. Is it a nice name?"

"It is a nice name, and a good name, and what's better, the name of a good man," this time repressing the smile which naturally rose to his lips.

"Because I always thought," pursued Phelim, "that Mary Rorke was the sweetest name I ever heard. It seemed to come next to the Blessed Virgin's."

"So it is a sweet name," assented Convict No. 25, whose thoughts almost instantaneously reverted to another name which arose in his mind. This set him into such a vein of thinking, that for some time a dead silence ensued. Both were probably occupied with their own reflections, so akin in sorrow, though in all else so widely divergent.

"My name is Kevin Moore," said Convict No. 25, recalling with an effort his mind from the scenes and memories on which it had been dwelling.

"That's strange now," said Phelim, "for my wife's name—her maiden name—was Mary Moore."

"Well, that's another bond between us," said Kevin with some slight degree of airiness in his manner. "And from this day out——"

"Would you mind calling Phelim Rorke again," said the convict earnestly, interrupting him. "I want to see whether I'd know myself by it. It's so song since I heard it. Ten years, you know."

"Certainly," said Kevin. "Phelim——"

"No, no. Wait until I stand with my back to you at the end of the cell. Now call!" said he as he assumed that position.

"Phelim Rorke," said Kevin.

"Call it again," said the other.

"Phelim Rorke!"

Phelim turned round, walked back depressedly, and reseated himself on the side of the bed.

"No; I wouldn't know myself by it," said he, "only that it was Mary's name—the light of glory to her!—I wouldn't know it was mine. It's so long since I heard it, you know. Ten years! Think of them! Ten years! Never anything but 37—always 37. How could I know myself by it now?"

"It isn't easy," said Kevin, who was reflecting within himself whether the day would ever come to him when the sound of his own name would become strange and unfamiliar to him. It was with something of a shudder he thought of such a contingency.

"At any rate, from this day out," said he, breaking off this gloomy reflection, "Phelim, we're to remain sworn friends. You have saved my life, and you have tied me to you by the strongest ties of gratitude and affection."

"Don't! Don't spake like that," said Phelim. "It softens me. I don't think I am the same man at all for the past three weeks. An' I feel worse since you got well enough to spake. It's like to me as if I was a little boy again, and heard people talkin' to me. It's ten years since I talked so much to anyone. Always 'you there, 37! D—n you! why don't you stand straight,' or '37 I see you! Blow your eyes why don't you pick your caksum?' or 'why don't you hammer that jumper better?' or 'did you ever handle a crowbar before, you lazy Irish ——!' Them was always the cry of the warder," continued Phelim, "an God knows they wor like music in my ears—bad as they wor—when I'd come out after forty-eight hours bread and water, in a darkened cell—athout a stim of light, and as silent as if it was, ay miles, down under the ground."

"They never put me there," said Kevin.

"They put me often enough there," said Phelim.

"What used you do?"

"What used I do? Nothin'. What did I ever do to get sentenced at all? Nothing. But, sometimes they'd put me in because I was so sick—so blind with sickness—that I couldn't see the caksum afore me, or so wake I couldn't hould the jumper or the crowbar in my hand. More times, maybe, I'd be thinkin' of home—God help me! as if I had a home to think of—an' would forget to salute the warders. Or, may be, ov a night whin I wouldn't sleep a wink until morning—and that was two or three times every week—and then I might sleep so heavy that I wouldn't hear the call; or, maybe, I'd be so blind and wake wid sickness I couldn't find my clothes—though, God knows, I hadn't far to go to find them—or whin I got 'em didn't put 'em on me in time to be out wid the rest. But anyhow 'twas always forty-eight hours on bread an' water, and always in a darkened cell, wid not a stim of light, an' silent as if it wor a thousand miles under ground."

Kevin looked at him with a feeling of deep sympathy. They were indeed untold horrors to have endured for ten long years. What wonder that brooding fancies arose in the man's mind? Nay the wonder was that any human brain could stand such treatment—that the light of reason and intelligence held its place at all during these years of suffering.

"An' always," pursued Phelim, as his mind unconsciously warmed with these dreadful memories and grew excited, "always As used to come to me there. I think I never was in that darkened silent cell that he didn't come to me. On an' off—on an' off. Black as the cell was I could always see him. I could always know aforehand he was comin'."

He shrouded his eyes with his hand as if to shut out the dreaded object.

"To divert his thoughts from it," Kevin said—

"Phelim!"

"Yes."

"That convict ship—did she sail?"

"She did."

"And the rest, did they go?"

"They did."

"What will they do with us—when I get well?"

"Send us in another."

"Are you sure? Who said so?"

"The doctor."

"The doctor! Was there a doctor here then?"

"There was; came every day, too."

"He was not bound to do that?"

"Bound to do that!" said Phelim, with contempt. "As coorse he wasn't. All he was bound to do—or any ov 'em—is to let the craturs die as fast as they can. They think, maybe, it's the best thing for them—and, if they do, they're right. But whether they do or do not, they do it—most ov 'em. But he came every day."

"He must be a good fellow."

"The best," said Phelim laconically. "He'll be here to morrow, and you will see him. Go to sleep. Its growin' dark, and you've been talkin' too much."

With which suggestion Kevin agreed; and his companion, after helping him to turn into an easier position, threw himself down in his usual corner, and, curling himself into a knot, went to sleep also.

I don't know whether, if it were worth an angel's while ever to turn into a convict cell, or into this convict cell in particular—which, considering all the trouble and swearing that was employed to convict its inmates, the relief it was to the landlords to be rid of them, and the solemnity that the "eminent judge," used in sentencing them, is perhaps not likely; but, if he' did, I wonder whether he looked with any degree of favor on that little human entity, curled up in a corner, and recorded his three weeks' work in the angelic recording book?

I wonder, further, if, passing thence to the mansion of my Lord Mortgagor or Sir Francis Haymarket, he found any one thing in the whole lives of that noble lord and that right honorable baronet to match the ready and unselfish aid and tenderness accorded by Convict No. 37 to Convict No. 25? I trow not.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

DON'T SAY there is no help for catarrh, hay fever and cold in head, since thousands testify that Ely's Cream Balm has entirely cured them. It supersedes the dangerous use of liquids and snuffs. It is easily applied into the nostrils and gives relief at once. Price 50 cents.

GAELIC POETRY.

An Siogaidhe Romanach.

[CRIOCHNU ONTHE.]

"Déanfaidh an dáimh so go géarr aon-chorp,
A's cuirfead a lamha aun lamhaibh a chéile,
Buadh air Ghallaibh a' Saingil do bhéarfaid,
Ag Mullach-Maistin air dhaisfhearaibh reubfaid.

"Ní bhiadh ceangal le Sagraibh ag aon neach,
Ní bhiadh caidreamh le h-Alban, chaibh maoin,
Ní bhiadh marthaion air Eachtrainn' a' n-Eirinn,
'S ní bhiadh cead coimirce air theangain an Bhéarla.

"Biadh an buadh ag sluagh na n-Gaedhal-fhear,
Air chlaion Chaibt in chleasaigh, bhradaich, bhéagaich,
Biadh a n-uaisle a' n-uachtar air éiribh,
A's gair fá tholl a n-diaigh clann Lúiréuis.

"Biadh a g-creideamh gan mhilleadh, gan truscbadh,
Biadh an Eaglais ag teagasgadh a d-treuda,
Bráithre, Easbolg, Sagairt, a's Cleir' chaibh,
'S beidh afth go deóigh 'n a dheóigh ag Eirinn.

"Guidhim-si Dia, má's miann leis m' éisteachd,
Guidhim Iosa a chídheas an méid so,
A's an Sbiorad Naoimhtha, ar is d' aon-toil,
Muire Mháthair a's Páitruisc dóid-gheal

"Coiam Croidhe agus Brighitt naomhtha,
Go n-daingeidhe siad Gaoidhil d'á chéile.
'S go d-tigidh dhíobh an gníomh so dhéanadh,
Gaill do dhíbirt a's erioch Bhanbha shaoradh."

An trath chriochnuigh an t-eólach-bhean pheucach,
Mar a dúbhradh air d-tús an méid so,
Iar m-bualadh a bas go prab fá chéile,
Do chuaidh sí suas de ruaig go neullaibh.

A's d'fhág sí me-sí air leic a m' aonar,
Síuite air thuama uaigh na n-Gaedhal-fhear,
Gan spreacadh, gan ghlór, gan treóir, gan aon chor.
Lán de bhrón tré sgeon a sgeulta.

Aois an Tighearna a' m-bliadhnaibh déarfad,
Trath bhídheas 's an Bhlianaibh an' dheoraidhe dheurach,
Míle go leith, cúig dheich a's ceud leis,
Ag sin daoibh-sí erioch mo sgeil-sa.

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Go m-buidh slán do'n mhnaoi bhidh a raeir air uaigh Uí Néill,
Le cráibh a creidhe ag caoineadh nasal Gaedhal,
Gidh d'fhág sí mo chli go suaithte tréith,
Mo ghrádh í 's gach aidh d' á g-cualaidh mé.

CRIOCH.

NOTICE—During the winter months the Gaelic class will meet at 735 Canal street, up-stairs, every Sunday, from 3 to 5 p. m.

HEAPS OF WISDOM

Thrown at the Readers of "The Citizen by Eleanor Kirk.

Authors Should Publish Their Own Books—How to Live Long and be Useful.

BROOKLYN, N.Y., Jan. 16—The saddest part of Henry W. Grady's death is, that it need not have been. He was warned by his physician and entreated by his wife, who realized the awful risk he ran in keeping his Northern engagements. But in his zeal and enthusiasm, and in his ignorance of the laws of life, he sacrificed the spirit which seemed destined to do a great work for the South. If Mr. Grady had been as well versed in physiology as he was in political economy, he would have so conserved his physical strength as to have made it the useful servant of his splendid intellect and indomitable spirit for many years to come. But with all his knowledge, he did not know enough to take care of his body, and his life paid the penalty.

The general cry is, "Oh, I am so tired." "What is the matter with everybody?" an exchange pertinently asks. "Is fatigue and nervous prostration in the air? Is physical exhaustion an epidemic?" an other editor inquires. It really seems to be, and I am glad that some notice is being taken of this unnecessary and unnatural condition. "How have you managed to keep so well and be so useful?" I asked a lady 85 years old, the other day, who was busy with the family mending "I'll tell you, my dear," she responded smilingly: "It is a very simple story indeed; I was taught when a girl to drop my work the moment I found myself growing nervous and irritable, and I have religiously observed that rule all my life." "I tell you," she added earnestly, "there is a point of fatigue that no woman can pass with impunity. I learned to bundle up my work and toss it one side with the utmost serenity, and to adapt my circumstances to my strength. Then, too, I have always made it a point to go to bed early." There are several sermons in this dear old lady's response, and I wish my friends would ponder on them a little. It is my opinion that we should accomplish twice as much if we only did half as much. The wise will understand, but the foolish will regard this statement in the light of a very silly conundrum.

An exchange asks: "Does Eleanor Kirk take her own medicine? Does she, for instance, publish her own books?" Yes, sir, she does; and when a publisher gets hold of another book of hers, it will be when she has both brains and money to give away, and she is deeply grieved for some publisher who has lost his fortune. Seriously, I think it is about time for authors, yes, even those who can only attain moderate success, to gather in the moderate ducats, instead of getting nothing, or thereabouts. I will gladly give my readers the benefit of my experience in this line of "every author for himself," and show them how to go to work.

A young woman was arrested in Kansas not long ago for riding a horse after the manner of her brothers. What will the idiots of the world think when they discover that it is going to be fashionable for women to ride in this style, and that the jauntiest trousers are being made for some of our most distinguished city belles? The best authorities declare that women should always ride astride, as it is the only healthful and safe way for the rider, and the only humane way for the horse. A lady's saddle horse does not live one quarter as long as a horse ridden by a gentleman. The usual feminine way of sitting on a horse is extremely hurtful. The body is thrown off equilibrium, the circulation is rendered very imperfect, and some of the worst cases of curvature of the spine have resulted from this exercise. Some physicians declare that it is impossible for a woman to ride horseback habitually, even with the very best instruction, without more or less spine twisting. We are coming to common sense slowly but surely.

I have received many inquiries and statements relative to the healthfulness and unhealthfulness of oatmeal. Some of my readers wish me to recommend it to everybody, while others declare that it causes dyspepsia, constipation and nervous irritability. Surely, the heads of the stomach where such disastrous effects are produced, ought to know better than to open their mouths to it. With many others, I cannot digest oatmeal, but I can eat "Gritze," and I find it the most delicious and nourishing breakfast cereal that I have ever used. It is manufactured from selected Dakota spring wheat, the outside husk being entirely removed. There is nothing that I know of so good for children and invalids, because of its easy digestion and thorough assimilation. Our hospitals and nurseries use it extensively, and it has the endorsement of every school of medicine. There are several excellent ways of preparing this cereal, which I will give from time to time.

In commenting upon a recent paragraph of mine in regard to the wonderful growth of Russian women in intellect and in moral and spiritual independence, a correspondent of the London *Graphic* says that the wife of perhaps the most prominent officer of the Russian government is one of the most correct and the fastest operator on a Remington typewriter that he has ever seen yet. Mr. Ogilvie admits that he has not witnessed the performances of our American experts, but he cannot conceive it possible that any one can beat this Russian lady, who, because she hates idleness and believes in the right of every woman, high or low, to make the most of herself, attends to all her husband's extensive business correspondence. This is cheering, and it is my honest opinion that a hundred or two of such women revolving gracefully round the czar, would do away entirely with the necessity for dynamite in blowing up the throne. There will never be anything but republics in this world when women are properly educated.

Everybody is praying for ice—not that they are particularly anxious to skate, but because those who claim to be authority declare that a general freezing up will put an end to the various illnesses that spring from malaria. But the weather is most comfortable and very lovely. When the winters have been steadily cold, and small pox and kindred diseases have been flying about, then how we have longed for a thaw, and told each other, with red noses and smarting eyes, that it was a wonder that anybody ever lived to grow up in this confounded climate. The fact is, we are never satisfied.

Agnes Booth as "Aunt Jack" at the Madison Square Theatre, is perhaps the most popular leading lady in New York to-day. She is more fascinating than ever, and young and old unite in raving over her naturalness and wonderful versatility. "Aunt Jack" is the jolliest kind of a play, and those who want to laugh and be thoroughly entertained, had better head their list of anticipated enjoyments with the Madison Square Theatre.

ELEANOR KIRK

Electric Belt Free.

To introduce it and obtain agents the undersigned firm will give away a few of their $5 00 German Electric Belts invented by Prof. Van der Weyde, Pres. of the New York Electrical Society (U. S. Pat. 357,647) a positive cure for Nervous Debility, Rheumatism, Loss of Power, &c. Address Electric Agency, P. O. Box 178, Brooklyn, N. Y. Write to them to day.

Consumption Surely Cured!

To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for Consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

A CENTURY of progress has not produced a remedy equal to Ely's Cream Balm for catarrh, cold in the head and hay fever. It is not a liquid or a snuff, but is perfectly safe and easily applied into the nostrils. It gives immediate relief and cures the worst cases.

CATHOLIC CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Where the Different Churches are Situated and the Hours at Which Mass is Celebrated and Vespers Held.

The following directory is published for the benefit of the Chicago readers of THE CITIZEN, and Catholic visitors to the city:

Cathedral of the Holy Name—State and Superior sts. Masses at 5:30, 8:15, 7:45 and 9:30 a m; mass at 6:30 exclusively for children; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m.

St. Patrick's—Adams and Desplaines sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; children's mass and choir at 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m; services every Thursday at 7:30 p m, in the chapel. Rev. Thos F. Galligan, pastor. Residence 125 W. Adams st.

St. James'—Twenty-ninth st and Wabash ave. Masses at 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 a m; high mass at 11; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Hugh McGuire, pastor. Residence 2936 Wabash avenue.

Holy Family (Jesuit)—May and Twelfth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. J. I. Coghlan, S. J., pastor. Residence 413 W. Twelfth st.

St. Jarlath's—Jackson street and Hermitage ave. Masses at 6, 6:30, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Thomas F. Cushman, pastor. Residence 616 W. Jackson st.

St. Mary's—Wabash ave. and Eldridge court. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E. A. Murphy, pastor. Residence 543 Wabash avenue.

Church of the Nativity of Our Lord—Thirty-seventh and Dashiel sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. J. M. Cartan, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Bridget's—Archer ave. and Church st. Masses at 6, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. M. J. Dowling, pastor. Residence 2038 Archer ave.

All Saints' Church—Wallace st and 39th place. Masses at 5, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. M. J. Dunne, pastor. Residence 3240 Wallace st.

St. Procopius—Eighteenth and Alport sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10, with sermon; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. P. Nepomuck Jeager, O.S.B., pastor. Residence 704 Alport st.

St. Francis of Assisium—Corner of W. Twelfth st. and Newberry av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Ferdinand Kalvelage, pastor. Residence, 906 W. Twelfth st.

St. Stephen's—Corner of Ohio and N. Sangamon sts. Masses at 7, 9, and high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. S. M. A. Barrett, pastor. Residence 35 N. Sangamon st.

St. Peter's—Corner Clark and Polk sts. Masses at 5:30 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Klimm Schloesser, C. S. P., pastor. Residence 440 S. Clarke st.

St. John's—Clark and Eighteenth sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. T. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 176 Eighteenth street.

Sacred Heart—Johnson and Nineteenth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, and 8:30 a m; children's mass at 8:30; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. H. Broergeest, S. J., pastor. Residence 49 W. Nineteenth st.

St. Columbkille's—Corner of Indiana and Paulina sts. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Thomas Burke, pastor. Residence 519 W. Indiana st.

St. Malachy's—Corner Walnut st. and Western av. Masses at 8, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas P. Hodnett, pastor. Residence 338 Walnut st.

St. Pius—Corner Ashland av. and Nineteenth st. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. F. S. Hennebery, pastor. Residence 884 Ashland av.

St. Antnony of Padua—Corner of Mc-tregor st. and Twenty-fourth place. Masses at 6 and 7:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Peter Fischer, pastor. Residence 3434 Hanover st.

St. John Nepomucene—Corner of Twenty-fifth st and Portland av. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Francis Bobal, pastor. Residence 484 Twenty-fifth st.

Church of the Assumption—Illinois st., between Franklin and Market sts. Masses at 6, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. S. Meresth, pastor Residence 64 Illinois st.

Church of the Immaculate Conception B. V. M.—St. Franklin near Schiller st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers 7:30 p m. Rev. P. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 497 N. Franklin.

St. Michael's—Corner Eugene and Hurlbut sts. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Jos. Esting, C. SS. R., pastor. Residence 324 Hurlbut st.

Notre Dame de Chicago—Vernon Park place near Loomis st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. S. L. Bergeron, pastor. Residence 404 Congress st.

St. Vincent de Paul's—Corner Webster av and Osgood st. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30. Rev. Father Abbott, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Paul's—Hoyne av. and Ambrose st. Masses at 8 and 10:30 am; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. R. Weber, pastor. Residence 162 Ambrose st.

St. Aloysius—Thompson and Davis sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10:15 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. J. Thiele, pastor. Residence, adjoining church.

Church of the Immaculate Conception—2256 Scofield st. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. George Rathe, pastor.

Holy Trinity—Lincoln and Taylor sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. D. E. Thiele, pastor. Residence 333 West Taylor st.

Church of the Annunciation B. V. M.—Paulina st. and Wabansia ave. Masses at 7, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers and benediction at 3 p m. Rev. Hugh O'Gara McShane, pastor; Residence 331 N. Paulina street.

St. Stanislaus Kostka—Noble and Ingraham sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7:30, 8, and 9:30 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Vincent Barzynski, C.R. Residence adjoining church.

St. Charles Borromeo's—Twelfth and Cypress sts. Masses at 6 and 8:30 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. P. H. Gill, pastor. Residence 79 Cypress st.

St. Mary's of Perpetual Help—Lancaster and Thirty-second sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10. Attended from St. Adalbert's, Seventeenth and Paulina sts.

St. Joseph's—North Market and Hill sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a m; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. P. Dolwick, O.S.B., pastor. Residence 209 N. Market st.

Church of Our Lady of Sorrows—W Jackson and Albany ave. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. A. Venturi, C.S., pastor Residence 1408 W. Jackson st.

St. George's—Wentworth ave., bet. 36th and 35th sts. Masses at 8 and 10 a m; Christian duties and vespers at 2:30 and 7 p m. Rev. G. D. Heldmann, pastor. Residence 3019 Fifth ave.

Holy Angels'—Sixth, Oakwood Boulevard. Masses at 6, 7:30, 9 and 10 a m; high mass at 11 a m; Sunday school at 2:30 p m; vespers, instruction and benediction at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. A. Tirbe, pastor.

St. Boniface's—Noble and Cornell streets. Masses at 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Clement Venn, pastor. Residence, 84 Cornell st.

St. Wenceslaus'—DeKoven and Dauphine sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Joseph Mother, pastor. Residence 197 DeKoven st.

St. Josaphat's Church—Seldon and Southport aves. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 4 p m. Rev. K. Kaszubski, pastor. Residence 326 Southport av.

St. Adalbert's—Corner Twelfth and W. Seventeenth sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. J. Baldzuhn, pastor. Residence 218 W. Seventeenth st.

Holy Trinity—Division and Noble sts. Masses at 6, 7:30, 8:30 and 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Joseph Barzynski, C.R. Residence adjoining church.

St. Hedwig's—Ashland av. and Iowa st. Masses at 6, 7:30, 8:30 and 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Joseph Barzynski, C.R. Residence adjoining church.

St. Wenceslaus'—Wood and Thirty-first sts. Masses at 6, 7:30, 8:30 and 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Joseph Barzynski, C.R. Residence adjoining church.

St. Casimir's—Noble and Evergreen sts. Masses at 6, 7:30, 8:30 and 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Joseph Barzynski, C.R. Residence adjoining church.

St. Mary's of the Angels—Hermitage ave. and Fleurnoy st. Masses at 6, 7:30, 8:30 and 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Joseph Barzynski, C.R. Residence adjoining church.

St. Mary's—Division and Larrabee sts. Masses at 6, 7:30, 8:30 and 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Joseph Barzynski, C.R. Residence adjoining church.

St. Mary's—Milwaukee ave. and Ohio st. Masses at 6, 7:30, 8:30 and 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Joseph Barzynski, C.R. Residence adjoining church.

St. Mary's—Fullerton ave. and Southport. Masses at 6, 7:30, 8:30 and 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Joseph Barzynski, C.R. Residence adjoining church.

St. Mary's—Wells and Locust sts. Masses at 6, 7:30, 8:30 and 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Joseph Barzynski, C.R. Residence adjoining church.

St. Mary's—Lincoln ave. and Belmont. Masses at 6, 7:30, 8:30 and 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Joseph Barzynski, C.R. Residence adjoining church.

St. Mary's—Lincoln ave. and Belmont. Masses at 6, 7:30, 8:30 and 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Joseph Barzynski, C.R. Residence adjoining church.

WALKER BLAINE DEAD.

The Secretary of State's Latest Bereavement.

HIS ELDEST SON CLAIMED BY DEATH.

Acute Pneumonia, Superinduced by an Attack of "La Grippe" the Cause of His Demise—Many Friends Call at the Blaine Residence to Express Sympathy, Among Them Being the President and Mrs. Harrison—Col. E. L. Dudley Dead.

WASHINGTON CITY, Jan. 16.—Walker Blaine, examiner of claims in the state department and eldest living son of the Hon. James G. Blaine, secretary of state, died suddenly and without premonition at the family residence in the old Seward mansion facing Lafayette park at 8:20 o'clock Wednesday evening of acute pneumonia superinduced by an attack of "the grip." There were with him at the time of his death only his two unmarried sisters, Harriet and Margaret, though all the family except Mrs. Coppinger and James G. Blaine, Jr., were in the house at the time, those absent from the city having been hastily summoned here by telegraph. The end was painless, life passing away while the sufferer, who had been delirious all day, was unconscious.

A Brief Illness.

He had been ill only a few days, and his death is a sudden and severe shock to an unusually large circle of friends, who were not aware that he was dangerously ill until Wednesday morning, while the family, who were all devotedly attached to him, are prostrated with grief at the sudden and unexpected bereavement.

Dr. G. Lloyd Magruder, the family physician, furnishes the following statement of Mr. Blaine's sickness: "Mr. Blaine was attacked by 'la grippe' on Friday evening last. The malady was ushered in by a chill, followed by a high fever. Severe catarrhal symptoms immediately attacked both lungs. These continued through Saturday and Sunday, but in an ameliorated condition. On Monday improvement in the left lung was noticed, though pneumonia congestion was present in the right lung. On Tuesday all of the symptoms became aggravated; well-developed pneumonia supervened in the right lung, accompanied by high fever and delirium, which continued until his death, which occurred almost without premonition at 8:20 and was due to pulmonary effusion.

Expressions of Sympathy.

Mr. Blaine, while comparatively strong, had not entirely recovered from the accident of last spring by which his leg was broken, and from an attack of malarial fever from which he suffered during the autumn. Dr. Magruder had in consultation with him Dr. Joseph Faber Johnson.

The news of Mr. Blaine's death quickly became known, and many friends called during the evening to express their sympathy. The president and Mrs. Harrison called very soon after Mr. Blaine's death, and Vice President Morton and Mrs. Morton came soon afterward. Justices Harland and Gray of the supreme court, most of the members of the Maine delegation, Representative Hitt, and many others in official and social life also called. The arrangements for the funeral are not yet made, the family being too much overcome to give a thought to the burial as yet.

A Sketch of His Life.

Walker Blaine was born in Augusta, Me., May 5, 1855. He first came to Washington to live in 1867, five years after his father's election to congress. He graduated from Yale in 1876, and from the Columbia Law school in New York two years later. He then went to St. Paul, Minn., where for two years he was in the law office of Cushman K. Davis, at present senator from Minnesota. He came to Washington in 1881, and was appointed third assistant secretary of state. In the winter of 1881-2 he went to South America with Mr. Trescott on a special mission to use the good offices of the United States to bring about a settlement of the troubles between Chili and Peru. He was then charge d'affaires in Bolivia for several months.

Late in the year of 1882 he was appointed assistant counsel of the court of Alabama claims, which office he held until 1885. He lived in Chicago from 1886 to 1888, returning to this city Jan. 1, 1889. He assisted his father in the work which devolved upon him when he became secretary of state, and on March 13 last was nominated by President Harrison examiner of claims in the state department and as such was legal adviser of the department, and confidential representative of the secretary.

Devoted to His Father.

Mr. Blaine had assisted his father greatly throughout his political career, and was most closely and intimately associated with him in all his plans, enjoying not only the great affection of his father, but his complete confidence as well. He was a young man of marked attainments, great tact, and ability. He was highly respected by those who knew him in official and social life, many of whom predicted that he would achieve a higher fame for himself, but for his devotion to his father's interests. It may be truthfully said of him that those who knew him best esteemed him most. The regard in which he was held was shown when his nomination to his last office was sent to the senate, that body, on the motion of Senator Edmunds, doing him the very unusual honor of confirming the nomination at once without reference to a committee.

General Manager Dudley Dead.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Jan. 16.—Col. Ethelbert L. Dudley, general manager of the St. Paul and Duluth railroad, died suddenly at the Ryan hotel Wednesday evening of laryngeal paralysis, the result of an attack of la grippe. Col. Dudley was prostrated about ten ago and rapidly grew worse, until two days ago the attending physicians decided that there was no hope of his recovery. Capt. R. S. Hayes, president of the St. Paul and Duluth, came on from New York to attend the sick man and was present at the dissolution. Deceased was 45 years old, a native of Kentucky, and formerly receiver of the Iowa Central railroad.

Alexander Craig Sellar.

LONDON, Jan. 16.—Alexander Craig Sellar, a member of parliament from Lanarkshire, died Thursday in his 55th year. He was formerly chief of the Central Liberal association. He withdrew from the organization when he became a Liberal Unionist, and had not since been prominent in political affairs.

A Noted Astronomer Dead.

BALTIMORE, Jan. 17.—Rev. Father S. Estine died at the Jesuit novitiate at Frederick, Md., Friday. He was one of the most accomplished astronomers in the United States.

Death of Representative-Elect Lawler.

NEWARK, Ohio, Jan. 16.—Hon. John Lawler, representative-elect, died at 9:10 o'clock Thursday morning.

THE WORLD'S FAIR FIGHT.

Chicago Gains a Point in the Contest and Then Loses It.

WASHINGTON CITY, Jan. 17.—The time of the house Thursday was taken up almost entirely with a debate and votes over the world's fair matter. The net result was a victory for the west, and probably for Chicago. The proceedings in brief were as follows: The committee on rules reported back the resolution offered in the house by Hall of Minnesota, and referred to it before the holidays. This called for a special committee of nine members. The committe on rules recommended the adoption of a substitute for it authorizing the appointment of a committee of a thirteen members. Cannon made a minority report, offering a substitute for the substitute and upon that the vote was taken. The house by 137 yeas to 134 nays decided to adopt the substitute of Cannon's rather than that of McKinley. Then a vote was taken to ascertain whether Cannon's substitute should be adopted in the place of Hall's resolution. This was declared in the negative by yeas 133, nays 135, and after the vote was announced Springer entered a motion to reconsider. Then McKinley moved to lay the motion to reconsider upon the table, and the house adjourned.

Hall's Resolution Adopted.

After routine business Friday McKinley called up his motion to reconsider the vote by which the house Thursday refused to substitute the resolution reported by the committee on rules (as amended by the adoption of the Cannon resolution) for the original resolution referred to the committee. The motion to table the motion to reconsider was agreed to—yeas 144, nays 142. The question then recurred on the original motion that a select committee of nine be appointed to be called "the world's fair committee." On this the yeas and nays were ordered. The resolution was adopted, yeas 141, nays 135, Springer of Illinois, changing his note from the negative to the affirmative in order to enter a motion to reconsider.

The New York World's Fair Bill.

Springer withdrew his motion to reconsider stating that he would trust to the fairness of the committee and of the house. Flower then introduced the New York world's fair bill and it was referred to the special committee when appointed. Raines of New York offered a resolution increasing the membership of the committee to thirteen. It was referred to the committee on rules. The house then went into committee of the whole on the bill to provide for the town site entries of lands in Oklahoma.

WHOLESALE HANGING.

Six Men Executed at Fort Smith, Ark., for Murder.

FORT SMITH, Ark., Jan. 16.—Sam Goings, James Burris, John Belly, Thomas Willes, Jefferson Jones and Austin James were hanged here shortly after 12 o'clock Thursday. They were all half-breeds and convicted of murder.

Will Join the Brotherhood.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Jan. 17.—President Bancroft has demanded immediate recognition for the New England Base Ball association by the National league. If it is not given the New England will join the brotherhood.

MANCHESTER, N. H., Jan. 17.—Alec Ferson, pitcher of last season's Washington League club, has signed a contract with the Buffalo brotherhood club at a salary of $2,500, an increase of $500.

Trains Snow-Bound in California.

DENVER, Col., Jan. 17.—Since Friday last no trains have passed between Alamosa and Durango. The passenger train which left Alamosa that day pulled by three engines is now snow-bound three miles this side of Cumberes, and all the engines are off the track. The snow plows are at work and it is expected that the road will be opened some time Saturday.

Three People Killed by a Train.

JOHNSTOWN, Pa., Jan. 17.—At Morrellville, near here, Thursday night, Edward Gallagher, aged 17, Michael Gallagher, his brother, aged 15, and Mrs. Kate Stockhouse, a married sister, aged 25, were killed by the west bound limited express on the Pennsylvania railroad. They stepped onto a side track to allow the accommodation train to pass and were struck by the train.

Run Down by a Train.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Jan. 15.—Pat Reach and Edward Wright, of Manor, Pa., while on their way home from Irwin, and while walking on the Pennsylvania railroad tracks, were struck by the Greensburg accommodation at Shaffon about 12 o'clock Tuesday. Reach was instantly killed, and Wright had both legs cut off and will die.

Bitter Feeling Against the English.

LISBON, Jan. 17.—The feeling against the English here is very bitter. The English residents have been made the victims of public animosity to such an extent that it is proposed to send a deputation to Lord Salisbury urging him to adopt a more conciliatory policy. Many English employes have been dismissed.

Pittsburg Boodlers Sentenced.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Jan. 18.—Alderman W. H. Porter, convicted of conspiracy and blackmail, was sentenced Saturday to eighteen months in the western penitentiary and to pay a $500 fine. Constable Sheppard, found guilty of the same offense, was sentenced to fifteen months in the workhouse.

Jay Westinghouse Dead.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y., Jan. 18.—Jay Westinghouse, president of the Westinghouse company of this city, large manufacturers of agricultural implements, and eldest brother of George Westinghouse, of air brake fame, died at his home on Washington avenue, Friday morning, aged 53 years.

Legislating Before Daylight.

BISMARCK, N. D., Jan. 18.—The house met at 7 a. m. Saturday. The sergeant-at-arms pulled a number of absentees out of bed before a quorum was secured. The speaker called the house to order by lamplight. This is the fruit of an economical streak developed by the house.

The Iowa Deadlock.

DES MOINES, Iowa, Jan. 17.—The promised break in the deadlock existing in the house failed to materialize Friday morning, and matters stand much as they did Thursday. There is any amount of gossip and rumor, but nothing definite as to the plans of either party can be learned.

The Montana Legislature.

HELENA, Mont., Jan. 16.—The deadlock in the legislature is still in effect. The general opinion is that it will not be broken and that when its life is ended by the constitutional limitation of ninety days from the date of assembling, not one stroke of work will have been done.

DISASTER AND DEATH.

Terrible Accident at a Steel Company's Works.

MEN ENVELOPED IN MOLTEN METAL.

Two of Them so Severely Burned That They Died of Their Injuries—A Railway Wreck Near Cincinnati in Which Five People Lose Their Lives—Other Victims of the Rail—Fatal Boiler Explosion—Other Mishaps.

CHICAGO, Jan. 18.—Blast furnace No. 4, in operation at the Illinois Steel company's works at South Chicago, burst Friday afternoon shortly before 5 o'clock, resulting in the death of two, the serious injury of four others, and more or less painful injuries to half a dozen workmen. The furnace is a huge bottle shaped affair of boiler iron, lined with brick. What is known as a hanging furnace was the cause of the accident. The furnace is one capable of holding many tons of metal. The shift of men that had been working all day had "drawn off" the furnace but a short time before, but the metal clogging in the center prevented it from working with its customary freedom. The men were ordered to clear the furnace of the hanging mass, and were busy at work, when without any warning the mass of molten metal and slag parted in the center and fell to the bottom.

Enveloped in Molten Metal.

The heavy weight fell but a short distance, but it was enough to tear the sides from the furnace, and the metal, heated to an intense degree, flushing out, enveloped the workmen in the vicinity. As soon as those who were able could do so they hastened to the assistance of those who were buried beneath the debris. The South Chicago police were called and with them the nearest physicians. It was found that Edward Johnson, a married man, 50 years old, living at 8433 Green Bay avenue, was fatally injured. He was terribly burned externally and badly injured internally. He was placed in a patrol wagon, but died while on the way to his home. John Johnson, his son, was so badly burned that he died Saturday morning. The others will probably recover.

FIVE PERSONS KILLED.

Terrible Wreck on the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton Road.

CINCINNATI, Ohio, Jan. 18.—A frightful wreck, in which five persons were killed and a great many badly injured, occurred on the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton road, near College Hill Junction Friday night. At 7:10 city time, as the Glendale accommodation, bound for Cincinnati, was leaving the station near College Hill Junction, the Chicago vestibuled train ran into the rear of the accommodation. There were three passenger cars of the Glendale train, containing about seventy-five people. The locomotive of the Chicago vestibuled train ran half-way through the rear car of the accommodation, piling the passenger cars in a heap and setting them on fire. The locomotive of the accommodation was not derailed. The fire department and patrol wagons were called from Cincinnati and the fire was extinguished.

List of the Victims.

Following is a list of the killed: John Wilson, insurance agent, 227 Main street, this city, lived at Winton Place; Charles Keller, hardware merchant, Winton Place; F. W. Witherbee, conductor, of Toledo, Ohio; William Planitz, a plumber of Carthage, and Baggagemaster James Staley, of Toledo, died after being taken to the hospital. The injured are: William Coakley, engineer, and William Barker, fireman of the strong engine.

OTHER DEATHS ON THE RAIL.

Three Men Run Down by Trains and Cut to Pieces.

EVANSVILLE, Ind., Jan. 18.—An Evansville and Terre Haute railroad switch engine Friday night ran over and killed George Berry, car inspector for the Louisville and Nashville railroad. He was at work and attempted to cross in front of the engine, when he tripped and fell. He was horribly mangled, Berry was about 30 years old, and said to be single. He was a stranger here and his home is unknown.

MENOMONIE FALLS, Wis., Jan. 18.—A Wisconsin Central train Friday morning struck and killed William Witelit, a farmer, living half a mile south of Germantown station. He left home to go to Milwaukee, and was not forty rods from his own door when killed. His team escaped unharmed, although the wagon was demolished.

MADISON, Wis., Jan. 18.—John Hanson, a tailor living at Oregon, near this city, was run over by a freight train Friday night and literally ground to pieces. He had been drinking heavily, and on his way home fell in a cattle guard, and, being unable to get up, was killed. He leaves a wife and five children.

Blew the Top of His Head Off.

CHICAGO, Jan. 18.—Another fatal boiler explosion occurred Saturday morning, this time in the old Wisconsin Central depot freight house at Polk street and Fifth avenue. About 3 o'clock George W. Wiley, the night watchman, entered the engine room and started a fire under the boiler. For some reason the boiler exploded. Pieces of steel and copper were hurled in every direction, and some of them struck Wiley, cutting off almost cleanly, the top of his head and crushing his legs and arms. Death must have been instantaneous.

Three Men Horribly Burned.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Jan. 18.—A Newcastle, Pa., special says: An explosion occurred at the Etna rolling milling Friday night, and three men were terribly burned. One of the "buggies," containing a ball of red-hot iron, upset in a puddle of water. The moment the iron touched the water the explosion took place. Huge pieces of iron were thrown about the mill, burning George E. Cox about the waist, chest and neck, and William Duyer and Richard Waltenbaugh about the waist, face and hands. Cox will probably die, but the other two will recover.

The Engineer Killed.

ATLANTA, Ga., Jan. 18.—A wreck occurred on the Georgia Pacific railroad near Birmingham, Ala., Saturday morning. The engineer, William Derry, was killed, and several others were seriously, perhaps fatally injured.

Many Deaths in New York.

NEW YORK, Jan. 18.—The total number of deaths for the twenty-four hours ending at noon Saturday was 148 as against 133 Friday. Of these thirty-three died from pneumonia, fourteen from bronchitis and twenty-four from consumption. Influenza was complicated with other diseases in fourteen cases. The entire mortality of the city for the week was 1,151 as against 1,424 for the preceding week, a decrease of 273.

THE CRONIN MURDER CASE.

Kunze Gets a New Trial—The Other Prisoners Sentenced to Joliet.

CHICAGO, Jan. 14.—The arguments on the motion for a new trial in the case of the four men convicted of the murder of Dr. Cronin were begun before Judge McConnell Tuesday morning. Judge Wing was the first to address the court.

Judge Wing closed his argument shortly after noon, and was followed by Mr. Donahoe, who finished at 1:10. Judge McConnell then asked State's Attorney Longenecker if he considered it necessary to reply to the arguments. The latter said no, and an adjournment was taken to allow the judge time to frame his decision.

Three of the Prisoners Sentenced.

At the reopening of court at 2:30 o'clock Judge McConnell in a brief speech reviewed the reasons advanced by counsel for the defense in support of the motion for a new trial, and said he could see no grounds for it in the case of three of the prisoners. He then ordered the four prisoners to arise. They did so, and the court then pronounced sentence on three of them in accordance with the verdict of the jury. Patrick O'Sullivan, Daniel Coughlin, and Martin Bourk were sentenced to imprisonment during the term of their natural lives. Kunze was granted a new trial.

The prisoners' attorneys gave notice that an appeal to the supreme court would be taken, and the court allowed them time in which to file their bill of exceptions.

The three prisoners were taken to Joliet.

Occupation of the Three Men.

At 8 o'clock Wednesday morning the new convicts were brought into the deputy warden's office to be examined as to their ability and physical condition for prison labor. Martin Bourk was consigned to the cooper-shop, where he will learn to make pork barrels. The ticket was handed to an officer, who motioned Bourk to follow him. The Mayo man cast a farewell glance at his comrades, whom he may not see again for months, and was taken to his work. Questions were put to Coughlin and O'Sullivan, and after a few moments deliberation the deputy consigned Coughlin to the stone shop where he will learn to be a stone cutter and will be surrounded by a crowd of tough Chicago thieves, some of whom, perhaps, Dan may have been instrumental in sending here. O'Sullivan was put at work in shoe shop No. 7.

BIG FIRE AT BOSTON.

A Large Structure on the Corner of Summer and High Streets Destroyed.

BOSTON, Mass., Jan. 17.—The shoe and leather district in this city, which was visited Thanksgiving Day by a disastrous conflagration, was again the scene of a destructive fire Friday morning. Luckily in this case the spread of the flames was more quickly arrested, and only one building, the large structure on the corner of Summer and High streets, occupied by Colburn, Fuller & Co., suffered. This building was entirely destroyed. The fire burned fiercely and it was feared at one time that the experience of Thanksgiving was to be repeated and a general alarm was sent out. The flames were gotten under control in about two hours by the prompt and vigorous action of the firemen, and only the building at 132,134, and 136 Summer street was consumed. The loss will reach $300,000. The burned building covered the former home of Daniel Webster.

WERE POOR MARKSMEN.

Two Innocent Spectators Shot on the Streets of Macon, Mo.

MACON, Mo., Jan. 18.—In a street fight here Tuesday with revolvers, between Morris Norris and Dr. W. G. Larrabee, three persons were wounded, two of them, it is feared, fatally. Dr. Larrabee disputed the correctness of a bill presented by Dr. T. J. Norris, proprietor of a drug store, and after some words, was ordered from the store. Subsequently the quarrel was renewed in front of the store. Dr. Larrabee drew his revolver and commenced firing. Morris Norris, son of the druggist, returned the fire and shot Dr. Larrabee in the left arm and leg. Deputy Sheriff Pearson, a bystander, was hit by a stray bullet and fatally wounded. Another stray bullet struck S. M. Wiggins, a farmer, in the leg, producing a slight wound.

End of the Sharon Case.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sab. 16.—Judge Shafter, in the superior court Wednesday, rendered a decision in the Sharon case which virtually ends that famous litigation. Judge Shafter held that the decree of the United States circuit court, by which the alleged marriage contract between William Sharon and Sarah Althea Hill was declared a forgery and ordered cancelled, was in force in all courts, and that the contract has no legal existence. He ordered the Sharon case postponed indefinitely.

Presidential Postmasters.

WASHINGTON CITY, Jan. 15.—The president has sent to the senate the following nominations: Postmasters—Missouri, John E. Catlett, Hannibal; Thomas S. Kelly, Moberly; John B. Harlow, St. Louis. Illinois—S. D. B. Lines, Braidwood; J. S. Gash, Macomb. Iowa—J. N. Martin, Burlington; S. M. Child, Dunlap. Michigan—J. A. Collier, Hart; W. J. Spears, Vassar. Ohio—Samuel Metzler, Wooster. Wisconsin—Ole Oleson, Oshkosh; B. F. Heald, Sheboygan Falls.

Big Failure at LaPorte, Ind.

LAPORTE, Ind., Jan. 18.—Julius Barnes & Co., the largest dry goods firm in the city, have made an assignment for the benefit of their creditors and everything was turned over without reserve. The liabilities are said to be $50,000 and the assets $53,000. Mr. Barnes has been engaged in business here for over thirty years. The firm has the confidence of their creditors, and it is believed that some arrangement will be made whereby the business will be continued.

All Voted for Allison.

DES MOINES, Iowa, Jan. 17.—William B. Allison will succeed himself as United States senator for Iowa. Nothing short of an earthquake or an epidemic can stop it now. The Republican caucus was held Thursday night, all the party members being present in person or by proxy, and each one of the seventy-six votes cast was recorded for William B. Allison as the party nominee for United States senator.

Little Kunze Out of Jail.

CHICAGO, Jan. 18.—John Kunze, the lucky one of the Cronin suspects, whom the jury awarded three years in the penitentiary, was released from the county jail Saturday morning. His release was due to the efforts of Louis Epstean, the dime museum manager, who signed Kunze's bonds, and the little German, in return for the favor, will appear on exhibition at Epstean's museum.

SHE COULDN'T WAIT.

Lady—"I want to sit for a picture."

Artist—"I shall be very glad to paint you if you will wait a week, until I finish the one I am at work on now."

Lady—"Oh, my! I couldn't wait that long. Why, I promised to be home at dinner at five o'clock!"

That is the trouble with some people; they have no time to wait for results. Some women will take a dose or so of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and expect to feel well immediately. True, some do find marvelously speedy effects from its use, but chronic, or lingering, diseases, which have had possession of the system for years, cannot generally be cured in a day. Such maladies are generally slow in their inception, slow in their progress, and must be cured, if at all, by slow degrees and regular stages. Perseverance in the use of the "Favorite Prescription" for a reasonable length of time will cure all those chronic weaknesses, irregularities and distressing derangements with which so many females are afflicted. But the use of this world-famed medicine must be *persisted in* for a considerable time in long standing, complicated and obstinate cases. Do not expect speedy relief and cure, but have a mind of your own, and when you have decided to seek a cure of your malady through the medium of this wonderful medicine, show a little will-power and tenacity of purpose, and you will, in due time, rejoice in the complete restoration of your health and strength.

The "Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for woman's peculiar ills *guaranteed* to give satisfaction in every case, or money refunded.

A large Treatise (160 pages, illustrated), on Woman: Her Diseases and their Cure, sent in plain, sealed envelope, on receipt of ten cents, in stamps.

Address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, No. 663 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets regulate and cleanse the liver, stomach and bowels. One a dose. Sold by druggists.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

The king of Spain has been pronounced convalescent.

The influenza is disappearing from Great Britain and the continent of Europe.

Barnum's circus is said to be playing havoc with London theatres by taking away their audiences.

The czar of Russia is said to drink enormous quantities of champagne daily. The Russian police are reported as unraveling a plot of appalling magnitude.

Columbus, Ohio, Catholics denounce Indian Commissioner Morgan, charging him with unfairness to the Catholics in his treatment of the Indian question.

An English company has purchased the fuel factory and patents of the same at Mahanoy City, Pa.

Fifteen thousand barrels of oil were burned Saturday in New York city by the explosion of a tank.

Judge Hicks, of Minneapolis, decided there was no redress in Minnesota for those losing money in bucket shops.

Mr. Powderly was served at Scranton, Pa., with Callaghan's warrant Saturday and was then released on bail.

Mrs. Hirshfield, wife of the president of the Montana National bank, of Helena, attacked Assay Superintendent Braden with whip and pistol Saturday for alleged annoying attentions to a female relative.

A peach orchard near Dover, Del., is in bloom.

John Burns has prevented the proposed grand reception and parade to Stanley by showing the council of London that none was tendered Napier, or Roberts, or Wolseley, or the Duke of Wellington.

Four prisoners, murderers and burglars, escaped from the Jasper (Ind.) jail Saturday night. Officers are in pursuit of them in all parts of southern Indiana.

Baron Schelina, who married last May Miss Frances Bayliss, of Chicago, has been held in New York city on a charge of obtaining board and money from a landlord under false pretenses.

While Claud Gaspel, Paul Louk and Webb Loug were hunting in Randolph county, W. Va., Saturday, a rifle carried by Webb Louk was discharged, the ball passing through Paul Louk's hat, killing Gaspel.

Rich churchmen of New York city propose to erect a magnificent cathedral for the Protestant Episcopal church of the New York diocese, to be called the Cathedral of St. John the Divine.

An American publisher has offered Gladstone $5,000 a year for the exclusive use of all he writes.

Cronin Jury Bribery Cases.

CHICAGO, Jan. 20.—The jury bribery cases were called up in Judge Horton's court Monday morning. All the defendants except John Graham were present. Mr. Trude filed an affidavit testifying that Graham is ill and unable to appear in court, and asked for a continuance. It was granted and the case postponed until Feb. 10.

Big Jail Delivery at Quincy, Ills.

QUINCY, Ills., Jan. 20.—Thirteen prisoners escaped from the Adams county jail Sunday evening through openings made in the iron door and windows by removing the bars with a watch spring saw. They escaped while the sheriff and his guards were eating supper and had an hour's start before their flight was discovered.

Scarcity of Food for Cattle.

CHEYENNE, Wy. T., Jan. 20.—Owing to the deep snow and scarcity of feed, cattlemen on the Uintah range are gathering all their cattle for the purpose of shipping them into Kansas and Nebraska to feed. It is estimated that over 50,000 will be shipped into those states during the next two months.

The World's Fair Committee.

WASHINGTON CITY, Jan. 20.—The speaker Monday appointed the world's fair committee as follows: Candler of Massachusetts, Hitt of Illinois, Bowden of Virginia, Belden of New York, Frank of Missouri, Springer of Illinois, Hatch of Missouri, Wilson of West Virginia, and Flower of New York.

Twenty-One Horses Burned.

FREDERICKSBURG, Va., Jan. 20.—The large barn and stables of W. F. Hart, owner of "Sherwood Forest," a fine farm near here, caught fire Saturday evening, and was soon burned to the ground. Twenty-one horses, a number of cattle and a great quantity of grain and hay were burned.

A Failure in Jewelry.

OMAHA, Neb., Jan. 20.—The jewelry store of Edholm & Aikin was closed Saturday on a mortgage held by D. O. Thompson, of this city, for $27,000. The Omaha National bank is a creditor for $20,000. The full liabilities are unknown. The firm is supposed to have a stock of about $50,000.

THE MARKETS.

CHICAGO, Jan. 6.

On the board of trade to-day quotations ranged as follows: Wheat—No. 2 January, opened 76¼@¾c, closed 76c; February, opened 77c, closed 76½c; May, opened 81c, closed 80½c. Corn—No. 2 January, opened 28⅞@c, closed 28¾c; February, opened 29¼, closed 29⅛c; May, opened 31⅝@⅞c, closed 31⅞@c. Oats—No. 2 January, opened 24½c, closed 25½@c; February, opened 25½c, closed 25½c; May, opened 27¾c, closed 27¾@c. Pork—January, opened $9.75, closed $9.70. February, opened and closed $9.75; May, opened and closed $10.15. Lard—January, opened $5.25@, closed $5.25@.

Live Stock—The following were the quotations at the Union stock yards: Hog—Market opened active and strong, with all parties buying and prices 5c higher; light grades, $3.85@3.90; rough packing, $3.65@3.70; mixed lots, $3.70@3.90; heavy packing and shipping lots, $3.75@3.95. Cattle—Market steady to stronger; beeves, $3.30@5.00; cows, $1.40@3.00; stockers and feeders, $2.00@3.15; Texas steers, corn-fed, $3.00@3.50. Sheep—Steady; muttons, $3.00@5.00; lambs, $5.00@6.40.

Produce: Butter—Fancy Elgin creamery, 28@29c per lb; finest dairy, 18@20c; packing stock, 7@9c. Eggs—Strictly fresh, 17@17½c per doz.; ice house, 14@15c. Live poultry—Hens, 7@8c per lb; turkeys, 9@10; ducks, 9@10; geese, $4.50@5.00 per doz. Potatoes—Beauty of Hebron, 30@40c per bu. on track; common and mixed lots, 25@30c. Apples—Good to fancy, $1.25@2.50 per bbl. Cranberries—Wisconsin, $8.50@8.75 per box.

New York.

NEW YORK, Jan. 20.

Wheat—No. 2 red winter, 87c cash; do May, 84¼c; do June, 83c. Corn—No. 2 mixed, 38⅛c cash; do January, 38⅝c; do February, 37⅝c; do March, 38⅝c; do May, 39⅝c. Oats—Dull; No. 2 mixed, 29½@29⅝c cash; do January, 29½c; do February, 29½c. Rye—Dull. Barley—Nominal. Pork—Quiet; mess, $10.50@11.00 for new. Lard—Dull; February, $5.25; March, $5.33.

St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, Jan. 20.

Wheat—Lower; cash, 77¾c; February, 77½c; May, 79½c. Corn—Lower; cash, 35⅞c; February, 36¼c; May, 37½@38c. Oats—Firm; cash, 21c; May, 18½@19c. Pork—Higher; $10.25. Lard—Higher; $5.70@5.77½. Whisky—Steady; $1.02.

Toledo.

TOLEDO, Jan. 20.

Wheat—Quiet and steady; cash and January, 81¼c; May, 85½c. Corn—Steady; cash, 30½c; May, 32¾. Oats—Quiet; cash, 22½c; May, 24c bid. Clover seed—Steady; cash, January and February, 3.50; March, $3.52½.

Self Preservation.

Customer—What's the price of your coal?

Dealer—Six dollars a ton.

"Weigh me out a ton."

"Ahem! Where the coal is weighed in the presence of the purchaser I always charge a dollar extra."—Texas Siftings.

ITIZEN.

FINERTY,

EDITOR.

Office, Unity Building, 79 Dearborn-St.

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Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the editor. All business letters should be addressed to THE CITIZEN Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, JANUARY 25, 1890.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE,
Corner Clark and Washington Sts. — Herrmann.

McVICKER'S THEATRE,
Madison-st., between Dearborn and State—Charles Wyndham.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—"The Silver King."

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and LaSalle—"Our Flat."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE,
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Herr Ernst Possart.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—Lizzie Evans.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"Siberia."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halsted street near Madison. — "A Rag Baby."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

PANORAMA—NAVAL BATTLE.
Michigan ave., between Madison and Monroe streets—The great naval battle between the Monitor and Merrimac.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

NOTICE.

Many subscribers of THE CITIZEN have complained of the lateness of delivery last week. That was not the fault of THE CITIZEN office or of the postoffice. It lay with the presswork people, and THE CITIZEN was not by any means the only paper that suffered from the same cause.

GLADSTONE AND HOME RULE.

The Scotch Home Rulers, who seem to be making practical headway in their native country, are opposed to Irish representation at Westminster in the event of Ireland being granted self-government. Mr. Gladstone has also expressed himself as being of the same way of thinking. Ireland, he says in substance, must have a real, working, first-hand parliament, or none at all. To have an Irish representation in London would make the Dublin parliament a second rate affair, and would leave Ireland as dissatisfied as ever. THE CITIZEN agrees fully with the Scotch Home Rulers and with Mr. Gladstone. It agrees with them that an Irish parliamentary representation in London would make the legislative body of Ireland doubly provincial. The Dublin body would be simply a toy parliament. Mr. Gladstone has not yet accepted the Federal solution of the problem, which is, in a measure, proposed by the Scotch Home Rulers. Their idea would seem to include only the two kingdoms, and the principality, which make up the island of Great Britain. England, Scotland and Wales, they think, should each have a provincial parliament, while the imperial body, having a more limited representation than at present, would still sit in London.

Ireland would not be considered in this federal scheme, except, perhaps, in the light of a dependancy, having an independent parliament, like Canada. This would place her very nearly in the position which she attained under Grattan in 1782, but, no doubt, great restrictions would be placed upon her power to act independently of England in matters of diplomacy and commerce. She would also be refused a "mutiny bill," which would place the soldiers of the Irish establishment at the command of the Dublin parliament. This did not make any difference in 1798, because the Irish parliament, mainly made up of knaves and bigots, and not being, in the general sense, representative of the people, used the so-called "Irish" army—supplemented by English, Scotch, Welsh and Hessians—for the purpose of cutting the throats of the gallant United Irishmen of Leinster and Ulster. An Irish army, controlled by a really representative parliament, would be quite a different matter, and England would never consent to anything of the kind, unless, as the *Times* once said, "beaten to her knees."

When Gladstone, in 1886, said that he would not object to giving Ireland control of her own police, three-fourths of England howled against him. The very idea! As John Mitchel would say, England felt hurt and scandalized at the very thought of Ireland controlling anything that belonged to her. The Tory-Unionist papers said that Mr. Gladstone might just as well have proposed giving Ireland control of her own militia. Why, England couldn't sleep o' nights if she thought Ireland controlled her own peelers. The fright of 1782 has not left her heart even yet.

The recent rumors of a dissolution of parliament appear to have been groundless. The Tories are too strongly intrenched in parliament to leave their lines and come down "into the open" for a fair fight on the Home Rule issue. In spite of Mr. Gladstone's hopefulness, THE CITIZEN believes that he is deceived as to the revolution of sentiment in England as regards that question. The English are constitutionally slow of conviction, and they hold the balance of power—the purse strings, the sword, the mace, the army, the navy—in fact everything that makes power. They can outvote the three Celtic provinces. It is doubtful whether, if all were united, they could outfight them; but they never can be united on such an issue as that. This potency of votes on the part of England gives her the key of the situation, and she will never grant Home Rule until she is convinced that such a measure would be harmless to her and useless to Ireland. She might, as in the case of Catholic Emancipation, use Home Rule to further her ideas of the complete effacement of Irish nationality except as recognized in a pinchbeck parliament, which could not threaten her supremacy or build up Ireland to the importance of a rival in any sense whatever.

Mr. Gladstone, now in his 81st year, cannot expect to live, or at least preserve his vigor, many years longer. If he were three score instead of four score years of age, he would, undoubtedly, carry his point as regards Home Rule. If he had even five years of health and strength before him, he might accomplish a great deal, but Time, the Conqueror, grows impatient for the sacrifice after a man passes 80. After Gladstone's death, what will be be the attitude of the Liberal party of England? Who is fit to lead it, if Gladstone should pass away to-morrow? Morley? He is a literary man, a middle class man—an able man and a decent man it is true—the aristocratic Liberals would never follow him as they do Gladstone. Vernon Harcourt? He is an able man, a very able man, but unpopular, strange as it may seem, even with his political friends. Labouchere? He, although a man of great learning and ability, is, for various reasons, out of the question. Earl Spencer? Well, his Irish record was bad, although he had the manhood to confess his error, but he would never make a success with the masses, either English or Irish. Where, then, will the Liberal party be after the death of Gladstone? Young leaders do not appear every day in England, and when they do, it takes them a long time to gain the public confidence. Considering all these circumstances, THE CITIZEN thinks itself justified in saying that the outlook for Irish Home Rule, at the present time, is the reverse of encouraging.

A POET'S VISION.

The poetic and patriotic editor of an Irish-American newspaper published in Massachusetts sees a great day coming for Ireland. And what is the vision of this dreamer of superb dreams? Is it of the time when, with freedom in hand, the Celts will have started forth on their new career of individual existence exultant in the thought that now, rid of all the weights and obstructions and kill-joys of a cold and alien civilization, they at length will have an opportunity to prove to themselves and the world that they are really children of destiny? Of the blessed day when they will have found refuge out of the glare of this age of scepticism and distraction and corruption, and Anglo-Saxonism and "progress," in the shelter of the wholesome Celtic hopes and aims and ideals; when Money will not be king, and the soul will find room to grow? Is it of a day like this the poet hails the vision? It is of nothing so impractical. The thing he asks us to rejoice over—the star of hope he discerns—is the growing love between the English and Irish races. Mother England is showing signs, thinks the dreamer, of weariness of the cat-o'-nine-tails, and birch, and bread-and-water, and even of the brimstone-and-treacle which she has so long been using for the behoof of her wayward Irish flock and the wayward flock repentant and grateful at these signs of mercy, as becomes good 'umble Christians, are ready to fling themselves upon her breast and promise to "be good" and well behaved if she'll agree to break up the instruments of torture and to give them plenty of bread-and-butter forevermore instead of the cold physic and rations of anger. The bones of the flock are so sore from the age-long whippings and their stomachs so lank from centuries of hunger, that their gratitude to Mother England for giving them no blows and some food will be of the genuine dog-like unquestioning article. Henceforth, our poet assures us, they will, verily, be more English than the English themselves.

They are not so enthusiastically English as all this in Wales. Hear what the Rev. Euseby Cleaver has to say about the matter:

"Though I am for Home Rule I would care little for it if Ireland is to lose her language and her old Gaelic civilisation, and copy the English greed for material prosperity. I am now living in Wales, and it is quite wonderful how in this large town one seldom hears a word of English, even among the children. And they have a great many newspapers, magazines and books in Welsh. All the public notices and bills are printed in Welsh and English, some in Welsh only. I wish we could persuade the National League to copy the brave patriotic Welshmen in their love of the national language."

But the National Leaguers are too busy with politics and with plans for gaining the toleration and good will of the English to trouble themselves with anything so unshowy and tiresome. Catholics and all, as they mostly are, the one desirable thing in their eyes is the amalgamation of their race with that of England. In their greed to share in the fatness of Anglo-Saxon living, they have no thought for the desolating evils which must follow that close blending. Mr. Cleaver may strive by purse and pen, and every effort; unselfish souls like "An Craoibhin Aoibhinn" and Father Keegan and M. J. Logan may work and toil to root out the crop of materialism that is spreading over the land, but its propagators are too many and too plausible, and the field, it must be said, alas, is fallow to the sower.

JULIA M. CROTTIE

SISTER SIMPLICIA.

In the death of this remarkable woman New England has suffered a deep loss. The institution over which she presided for a score of years was one of the most noted in the Eastern States, and it was by her guiding hand it reached its great excellence. The treatment of the sick was phenomenally successful, and the administration of the affairs of the hospital in every detail was conspicuously able. Physicians, patients and the general public long ago recognized the wonderful mind and generous heart that were making "The Carney" a hospital of national reputation. At the time she undertook its charge, the building was in debt to the extent of over $100,000, but as the years passed, by untiring efforts on her part the amount decreased until in the middle of the last decade the whole of the enormous debt was lifted. The cruel strain of the almost superhuman effort only showed its effects when the great necessity for exertion was lessened, and from that time until the end came Sister Simplicia's decline was gradual but unmistakable. But, like the sunset of a calm June day, her last days had a special beauty of their own. The long life lived "in the presence of God" closed in perfect peace and happiness; the faithful daughter of St. Vincent and the poor went joyfully Home. But New England will not soon see her like again, and the great Order, of which she, like our own beloved Sister Walburga, was a member, will long mourn her loss.

MR. MAURICE ST. P. THOMAS will read a paper on an interesting subject before the reading club of U. C. L. A. Saturday afternoon, Jan. 25. A very interesting programme of a miscellaneous character has also been prepared.

THE annual reception and banquet of the Union Catholic Library Association will occur at Kinsley's on Friday evening, Feb. 14—St. Valentine's Day.

WITH all due respect for Mr. Gladstone we think he is over-cautious in declining to criticize Salisbury's bulldozing of the people of Portugal. As a just man and a philanthropist he ought to be able to see without waiting to be "more fully informed as to the details of the case" that the Portuguese have Right on their side, and deserve the sympathy, both for this reason and for the fact of their being the "under dog in the fight" of every generous heart. As for the G. O. M.'s animadversions on the matter of the proposed increase in the United States navy it must be regarded as, not to put too fine a point on it, a fresh sample of British impertinence. We are happily an independent power, and know our own needs, and will supply them without outside dictation.

A MOVEMENT is on foot in Clonmel having for its object the removal of the remains of the late Gen. Thomas F. Burke from America to his native place, and erecting a monument to his memory. Tipperary is worthy of her fame, and is proving it in these later years as in the past. And what she puts her hand to she will accomplish.

IT is feared that the storms prevailing on the Irish coast have wrought serious damage to the Fastnet light-house. On Jan. 22 flags of distress were flying from it, but it was impossible for vessels to reach it. This will be read with regret by many to whom the friendly lights of Fastnet were the first signs of Irish welcome on their home returning trip.

Judge Moran's Lecture.

The Hon. Judge T. A. Moran will deliver a lecture on "What we owe to the Puritans," at Madison Street Theatre, on Thursday evening, Jan. 30, under the auspices of the Union Catholic Library Association. An excellent musical and literary programme will also be given by the following well known talent: W. C. E. Seeboeck, pianist; Miss Lizzie Layton, elocutionist; Mrs. Cunningham, soprano; Miss Kate Coffey, contralto; Joseph Read, violinist; T. E. McGrath, reader; F. A. Langlois, basso, and Gus. Meyer, tenor.

TO AND FROM CHICAGO TO EUROPE in seven days via New York and Boston Limited—LAKE SHORE ROUTE. For rates, sailings, etc., on any of the "Ocean greyhounds," write or address J. D. O'Leary, agent, Lake Shore office, No. 66 South Clark street, Sherman House.

BRENNAN'S REPLY.

He Has Something to Say to Mr. Devoy's Charges.

[*Omaha Bee, Jan. 20.*]

The *Inter Ocean*, of Chicago, of yesterday contained a long communication from John Devoy regarding the explanation by Thomas Brennan of this city of certain cablegrams which it was held showed a knowledge of the Cronin murder. The article was intended to be severe upon Mr. Brennan, who, in reply, spoke as follows:

"Yes, I have seen John Devoy's letter in the *Inter-Ocean* of yesterday and I am reluctant to say any more on that subject. It is certainly not pleasant for an Irish man who is interested in the welfare of his country to have this dirty linen-washing in the press of this country, and whatever Mr. Devoy may say about me or my friends I will view it more in sorrow than in anger, from one who has suffered much at the hands of our country's enemies. I think the most charitable view to take is that Mr. Devoy has allowed his personal dislikes to run away with his better judgment.

"Mr. Devoy is anxious to know why I did not sooner explain the cablegrams. Well, I can very easily explain why I did not. When I obtained Kirby's correspondence from Mr. Sheridan, I made him promise that it would not be made public, unless it was required as evidence before the commission, till he had given me permission to do so. That permission he gave me early in December, and, as I was then anxious to know how the publication would affect our friends on the other side, and especially how it would affect Mr. Davitt who had obtained the information about Kirby and sent the cablegrams. I wrote to Mr. Davitt and received a letter from him on December 28 authorizing me to make the whole matter public, and that letter is now in the hands of John Boyle O'Reilly, of Boston, who is a friend of mine, and he can bear out my statement.

"My statement was not made in response 'to urgent pressure,' as Mr. Devoy insinuates, and I can say that while no one was more anxious, for personal reasons, that the truth should be made known than Mr. Alexander Sullivan, he was willing to bear all the odium heaped upon him on account of these cablegrams, till the leaders of the Irish movement in Ireland consented to the publication.

"Mr. Devoy says: 'Does he mean to say that the writer of that cablegram did not use a cipher already agreed upon and fully understood between the sender and those to whom it was addressed?'

"Yes; I mean to say it, and it is true. Neither Mr. Egan nor I knew to whom the cablegram had reference till we met Mr. Davitt's messenger in New York in the latter end of May, and I then immediately started for Colorado, and that was the first time in five years I had either seen or heard from P. J. Sheridan.

"Mr. Devoy continues, 'Will he make oath that he and Egan had not been for weeks before Dr. Cronin's disappearance industriously circulating a report that Dr. Cronin was a British spy?'

"I will make oath to that effect at any time it is necessary.

"As far as I am concerned I never had any reason to suppose Dr. Cronin was a British spy, and never circulated such a story, and I want to say for my absent friend, Mr. Egan, that up to the time of Dr. Cronin's disappearance, I don't believe I ever heard him even refer to him, and certainly not as a British spy. And I want to say for myself that even the fact of a man being a British spy is no justification for any citizen of the United States outraging the laws of his country. No punishment can be too severe for the murderers of Dr. Cronin, but I believe the people who are trying morally to assassinate men because of their personal dislike to them, are just as guilty as the murderers of Dr. Cronin.

"I have neither time nor inclination to enter into a war of words with John Devoy. I saw terrible accusations in reference tho those cablegrams brought against a man whom I am to day as proud to call my friend as John Devoy was when he sought and obtained his friendship—Alexander Sullivan. I saw equally as terrible accusations brought against a man who has been my friend from my boyhood and whom I know to be incapable of a dishonorable action—Patrick Egan. I had, in my possession, what would explain these cablegrams and satisfy all unprejudiced minds that they had no reference whatever to the murder of Dr. Cronin, and I felt that in justice I was bound to give the explanation, and there, as far as I am concerned, the matter must rest."

Shorten the Passage to Ireland.

[*To the Editor.*]

Please allow me, through the medium of your columns, to say a few words to those who intend to visit Ireland next summer. It is now universally admitted that Berehaven is the proper point of connection between this country and America, and the "lines" can land here eight hours earlier than at Queenstown. Let us see how we can best utilise them. Till the railway from Killarney to Berehaven is complete there cannot be a headlong rush for Killarney, but what is equally advisable can be done. The steamship Countess of Bantry, trading in Bantry Bay, can take the passengers off the American lines at the entrance to the harbor and land them at far-famed Glengariff in an hour. There are ample hotel accommodations here for many hundreds, and, after luncheon, those who do not wish to stay for the night can go direct to Killarney, and be there long before they could be on the quay at Queenstown. If 200 persons write to me, name the line by which they wish to come, and the month they prefer, it will be easy to make arrangements for a kind of excursion trip. I shall have the steamer ready to meet them, hotel quarters at Glengariff, and sufficient car accommodations to take them either direct, or next day, to Killarney. To those who have never seen Killarney, I would suggest the month of May, when Nature wears her freshest garb; but it may be inconvenient for many to leave home then. However, arrange the trip, land at Glengariff, and I shall be glad to make any arrangements you think necessary here. Yours,

T. KENNY.

Lehanmore Villa, Castletown Bere, County Cork, Ireland, Jan. 7, 1890.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

A Correspondent Corrects Some Statements Made by a Writer in an Evening Newspaper.

[*To the Editor.*]

135 TWENTIETH STREET, CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 21.—The following communication was made to me last evening, by the gentleman whose name is subscribed, and who was under process of graduation in the National Model School, Dublin, at the time alluded to, where he met the most infamous ghoul the world ever saw, named John Sullivan. As much of the conversation was in Irish Mr. Carberry requested me to place the facts before you and your readers through the columns of THE CITIZEN. MAURICE CREAN.

I am anxious to call your attention to an article in the *Evening Journal* of the 17th inst, headed "Bondsmen for Kunze." The writer of that article outlies the *Herald* and throws in the shade the vaporings of John Devoy. With the utmost malignity he makes A. M. Sullivan, of the Dublin *Nation* identical with John Sullivan—ghoula; and asserts that it was from the *Nation* office, through A. M. Sullivan, the Castle got information of the Phœnix Society; and that said secrets were given to put a stop to stealings from the funds thereof. I presume this writer is some debased Irishman seeking to outlie the Chicago press.

John Sullivan (ghoula) was an ex peeler ignominously discharged from the force while stationed in Castle Pollard, county Westmeath, in 1855, for excessive meanness. His first cousin, Dan. Sullivan, was one of the boys on the Glasnevin Model Farm—the Albert Institute. Dan's term was terminated in '53, and he went home to Burnane tolerably well educated. He met Donovan of Ross Carberry, and with him became a member of the Phœnix Association, as did, also, his cousin John Sullivan. The latter having learned some military tactics while on the police force, was chosen by the young patriots as drill-master. They met nights on the mountains of Kerry and Cork, and were drilled by the ex peeler.

In his capacity of drill master he became acquainted with all the boys and had a list of their names, which list he deposited with the chief of police. Soon the Kerry and Cork jails were filled with youths between 16 and 25 years of age. Among these were Dan Sullivan and O'Donovan Ross. They were tried by a "commission" specially appointed. The prisoners were defended by Counsellor Thomas O'Hagan, who, when he saw the vindictiveness with which Sullivan was swearing could find nothing to compare him to but the Hindoo ghoul, who bathes his head and hands in the warm blood of his victims. Since then the same John Sullivan is on the list of English spies called ghouls, not from "goulga" which means a "young fork," nor from "goula," a stranger, but from the prototype to which he was assimilated by Lord O'Hagan. At the time the people of England derided the Irish government for its bluster in prosecuting a number of unarmed youths.

In 1869 I was farming in Woodford county, this State. I had a neighbor farmer named John Sullivan. He was the terror of all around for twenty miles. After a while I made his acquaintance and found him to be Sullivan (ghoula). I denounced him to his face, in the hearing of all the men in our settlement, as the perjured spy and cruel ghoul that he was. That same night he "cleared out" and has not been seen in Woodford county since. Now, sir, I give you these facts knowing them to be true, and I am prepared to affirm their veracity.

I see the object the lying writer had in view in the *Journal* by foisting on the public A. M. Sullivan as the "ghoul" and accusing him of breaking up the Phœnix Society. On the contrary the *Nation* infused new life into it; and from its own ashes it came at once to be the great Fenian organization of Ireland. This malignant liar assumes as Alexander M. Sullivan of the *Nation* disrupted the Phœnix Society, so will Alexander Sullivan of Chicago disrupt the Clan na Gael. His Sullivanship of Chicago has disrupted one association at least whose counsellor-in-chief was the London *Times* and lieutenant-general the infamous Pigott.

With many thanks for the manly and patriotic course of your valiant and talented CITIZEN, I remain, your obedient friend, PETER TYNAN CARBERRY.

FROM NEW YORK.

A New Barnum's Museum—An Extensive Naval Magazine—Our Dirty Streets.

NEW YORK, Jan. 20.—It is reported on reliable authority that P. T. Barnum is about to establish another museum in this city. If this is true it will be welcome news to our thousands of children, and to many a person who has long since passed the happy age of childhood, and who can perhaps look back to the time when his heart was delighted by the Barnum's Museum of old, which stood on the corner of Broadway and Fourteenth street, or further still, when it stood, where the *Herald* Building now stands, at Broadway and Ann street. If present plans are carried out the new museum will be a much more extensive affair than either of the old ones, and, it is almost needless to say, will be a great deal further up-town. Of late years, Barnum has invariably begun the circus season by a month's performance in Madison Square Garden. But the old building has been torn down and a new one is being built which will unfortunately be too small to accommodate Barnum. Besides, he has had a "hitch" with the garden company, and the result is his agents are hard at work planning a new structure which will rival the Madison Square Garden. This will cover the block between Eighty-sixth and Eighty-seventh streets, and Eighth and Ninth avenues. It will have an iron and glass roof supported by arches similar to the Grand Central Depot. It will be four stories high and cost $400 000.

DYNAMITE BY THE TON.

The fact that a resolution has been introduced in the United States Senate for the removal of the naval magazine from Ellis Island, New York harbor, will serve to remind many of us that there is a vast amount of explosives stored within a very short distance of this city. It will also be news to the great proportion of our population, and would perhaps alarm them some to know that there is piled up enough dynamite and gunpowder on that insignificant looking island to wreck the whole lower part of the city, should it chance to explode. In fact, thousands of our citizens are unaware that such an island is in existence, although it is as near to us as the Statue of Liberty. It belongs to the United States government, and has been used from time immemorial as an ammunition supply depot for men-of-war. It contains hundreds of tons of cartridges, dynamite and gunpowder. Just why it is wanted to remove the magazine is not known, except it be the intention to use the island as a landing place for immigrants, instead of Castle Garden.

FOR CLEANER STREETS.

Mr. James S Coleman, our Commissioner of Street Cleaning for several years past, has stepped down and out, mainly because he war unable to meet the popular demand for cleaner streets. The agitation in this direction has grown in the last few weeks to considerable proportions, and the chances are that no one can hold the office very long unless he can give us something like genuinely clean streets. It has long been a standing reproach to the government of this city that its streets were the dirtiest of any large city in the world. Ordinary growls by the citizens have been of no avail. The adverse comment of foreigners and strangers has had no effect. We have had to put up with filthy streets while all the time we have been paying millions to clean them. Last year it was over $1,200,000, and then there never were clean streets except after a heavy rainfall. I sincerely hope our new commissioner will give us cleaner streets or be "fired" before a month. EDWIN ARLINGTON.

OBITUARY.

MR. DENNIS O'CONNELL.

Mr. Dennis O'Connell, a well known and much respected citizen, died at his residence, No. 3201 Lowe avenue, on the 19th inst. His disease was influenza, supplemented by acute pneumonia. Mr. O'Connell was in his 46th year, and leaves a wife and ten children, most of the latter being of tender age. Mr. O'Connell was born in Charleville, county Cork, and came to the United States in 1853. He engaged in the meat business in this city several years ago, and was very successful. His industry, commercial ability and strict integrity made him a host of strong personal friends. His brother, Mr. Michael O'Connell, No. 2553 Emerald avenue, who is engaged in the same line of business, is also a well known citizen. The funeral occurred from the residence to the Church of the Nativity, where requiem mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father J. M. Cartan, on the morning of the 21st inst., and was one of the largest held in the parish for a long time. The interment was at Mount Olivet cemetery. The family of Mr. O'Connell have the deepest sympathy of all their friends and neighbors in their great affliction.

MRS O'BRIEN.

We regret to announce the death of the mother of our esteemed fellow citizen, Mr. James E. O'Brien, which occurred on the 21 inst. at the old homestead near Lecarrol, county Cork, Ireland. Mr. O'Brien has the sympathy of his numerous friends throughout the city. Mr O'Brien contemplated a visit to his native land this year for the special purpose of seeing his mother, and had arranged to have gone last year, only the sickness and death of his brother-in law, the late Mr. P. R. O'Connor, prevented it.

MRS. JOSEPHINE M. TEMPLETON.

Mrs. Josephine Mary Templeton, daughter of Mr. James Mansfield Cleary, of this city, died at her home in Superior, Neb., of the prevailing epidemic, on Thursday of last week. Mrs. Templeton, who was highly gifted by nature, and whose amiability and accomplishments were the charm of her family and of all who knew her, was born in Clonmel, county Tipperary, Ireland, on Aug. 15, 1861, and came to America in 1876. She was married to Mr. Templeton on June 29, 1880, and leaves four children without the care of the best and kindest of mothers. The remains were brought to this city for interment, and the funeral occurred on Sunday morning from Mr. J. M. Cleary's residence on Fortieth street, to St. Jarlath's church, of which Mrs. Templeton was formerly a parishioner. High mass of requiem was was offered up by the Rev. Father T. F. Cashman, assisted by other clergymen. The attendance was very large and attested the esteem in which the deceased lady was held. The interment was at Calvary cemetery.

Donahoe's Magazine.

The February number of *Donahoe's Monthly Magazine* for February comprises many articles of interest. "What is Agnosticism?" is the leading article. Eleanor C. Donnelly has a poem on "What Shall the New Year Bring?" Father Costello closes his interesting series of articles, "Theology and Natural Science." Thomas Hamilton Murray has an article on "Thought, Criticism, and Opinion." Rev. J. M. Lucey, a new contributor, writes on the "Race Troubles at the South." "Rest at Last" is a story told by the Rev. Chas. Warren Currier, C. SS. R. Daniel Doherty, the silver-tongued, in Boston. Agnes Hampton gives some reminiscences of the late Jefferson Davis. Peter McCorry has an able article on a New Ireland and a British and Irish Democracy. A very important article on the "School Question in Boston," by Judge Fallon, will interest all readers. The above comprises only a portion of the matter in the February issue. $3 a year; $1 for six months. Address Donahoe's Magazine, Boston, Mass.

THE HARP THAT ONCE!

Decadence of Irish Music During the Last Hundred Years.

Even the Bagpipe Going Out of Fashion and Foreign Music Being Introduced.

BY SIR R. P. STEWART, MUS. D.

Without adopting that rather sweeping declaration of Thomas Moore (which, by the way, he borrowed from Ledwich, the antiquary), I mean the assertion in the "Prefatory letter of 1807," heralding the appearance of his verses adapted to the Irish melodies, that "our music was about the only talent for which foreigners deigned to allow us any credit," I believe it has been generally admitted that, in proportion to the limited advantages enjoyed by Ireland, she has largely contributed to the muster roll of the sons of song. Our countrymen, by their nature, lively in temperament, quick of apprehension, and poetical in imagination, are admirably fitted to excel in the arts, especially that of music, and, although this is not the place to enter into any learned disquisition, nor to trot out our antiquarian lore we may direct the attention of our readers to the undisputed fact that from very early times the Irish have been regarded as

A MUSICAL PEOPLE.

Since the Anglo Norman invasion their claims in this respect have—as in the case of the Jewish captives—been admitted, even by their conquerors, and the Irish harp, which we know to have been an instrument of considerable compass and pretension, has been long accepted as the national emblem.

According to Mr. O'Halloran, it is to Henry II we own its adoption as the device of our country. It is at least certain that the harp appears on the Irish coinage A. D. 1530, and about the same time was appended to a map of Ireland, published by authority of the Government. In addition to this, evidence of the powerful influence over the people, which harpers and other musicians possessed, may be found in the numerous penal laws directed against minstrels, enactments which seemed to have aimed at nothing else than the total extirpation of these children of song. The harp, played upon in the palmy days of Ireland by ladies, by the clergy, and by other cultured persons, may be regarded as having been the instrument of polite society; while the bagpipe was devoted to the dances of the lower class, to funerals, and to military purposes.

Let it be remembered that we are not speaking of the Irish pipe of to day but of

THE GREAT IRISH BAGPIPE OR THE 16TH CENTURY,

a powerfully toned instrument which closely resembled the Scottish bagpipe, that is to say, it was blown by the mouth at high pressure, and was decidedly false in the melodic intervals of its scale. About 1760 the Irish pipe, taken away from the mouth, was gently inflated instead by means of a small bellows worked by the arm. (Hence the phrase—"More power to your elbow," addressed to pipers whenever it was desired to encourage the performer to increased exertion.) There were also added to the instrument by our Irish pipsmakers a tenor harmony of soft chords, and the scale of the chanter (or melody pipe) was made true in its intervals, a fact to which the famed historian, Dr. Charles Burney, bears honorable testimony, noting its decided superiority when compared with the pipes of Scotland, of which he remarks that he had never met with any that had the scale in tune. But the comparative excellence of our Irish bagpipes has not proved sufficient to save the instrument from extinction, for although we can recall examples of several pipemakers who once lived in Newrow and Thomas street, and similar west end Dublin localities, we do not believe there is to be found one bagpipemaker in Dublin at the present day.

DECADENCE OF THE IRISH HARP.

The Irish harp, too, has long been irretrievably gone from among us; this is partly attributable to the greater portability of flutes and violins, but more to the totally changed tastes of the people, and, after the famine of 1847, the vast consequent emigration which followed. The very general establishment of bands of wind instruments, about the time that the temperance movement was first started, was not without an effect on the popular tastes. Then the "cheap and nasty" concertina (with its tiring alternation of two chords only, and the unavoidable blunders thereby inherent) has almost everywhere replaced both the pathetic wire strung harp of old Irish life and the friendly, social bagpipe, so dear to rural gatherings throughout the Green Isle. There were many attempts made to arrest the decay of the harp, some at Bruree, County Limerick, 1730 to 1750; others at Longford, in 1781; Belfast, in 1792; and again, in 1807, a fresh attempt emanated from some Irishmen resident in India, who subscribed £1,100 for the formation of a harp school. This lingered till 1839, and then ceased to exist.

Very few specimens of the Irish harp are now remaining. One, a very old one, and in a very infirm state, is preserved in Trinity College Library. One which belonged to Carolan is in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy in Dawson street. One is to be found at Hollybrooke, the seat of the Hodson family, near Bray. This harp belonged to the celebrated Robin Adair. One of Carolan's harps is in the possession of The O'Conor Don. Both of the latter are of rude construction, but elegant outline.

Allusion has just been made to

HARP CONTESTS

at Bruree, early in the 18th century. Between 1730 and 1750, in the County of Limerick, what were described as "Contentions of the Bairds of Ireland," periodically were held there. The Rev. Charles Bunsworth, Rector of Buttevant, County Cork, who played the harp himself, took great interest in these meetings, and was so greatly beloved by the Irish harpers that numbers of them bequeathed their instruments to him. It is to be lamented that after his death no less than fifteen of these harps were broken up and burnt, or otherwise destroyed. I saw in London some years ago the very harp of this good, kindly ecclesiastic, who had been chosen by the Irish harpers as their president or umpire on five different occasions. Engraved upon the instrument was the following inscription: "Made by John Kelly for the Rev Chas. Bunsworth, Baltdaniel, 1734." Rev. Mr. Bunsworth was the acknowledged friend and benefactor of all the surrounding country. He was a skilled performer upon the Irish harp, and his hospitality, not alone to the harpers, but to all, was known far and wide; indeed both Curran and Yelverton were indebted to him for advice and material assistance when in their early days, and on their way to enter at Trinity College, Dublin.

Another famed harper of the olden time was

THE IRISH CHIEFTAIN, ROBERT ADAIR,

of Hollybrooke, in the County of Wicklow. Robin (as he was called) was descended of Robert, eldest son of Maurice, fourth Earl of Kildare, who, in a family feud, killed, (in single combat) Gerald, commonly called "The White Knight" (second son of Gerald, Earl of Desmond), at a place called the Ford of Athdare, County Limerick, and made his escape to Scotland in the time of Robert Bruce, taking the name of Athdare, or Adare. The family assumed the title of "Lairds of Kinhilt," in the Scotch County of Galloway, and returned to Ireland in 1630. Robert Adair, of Hollybrooke, like most Irish gentlemen of his day, drank hard. His prowess in drinking claret is evidenced by large glass goblets, two of which I have held in my hands. They contained each an imperial quart. But our present chief concern is with his music; he was remarkably gifted in this way as a performer upon the harp. I have had his harp in my own keeping for some days, and it is still preserved at the family mansion near Bray. This gentleman was the hero of the well known song, "What's This Dull Town To Me?" adapted to the beautiful Irish tune, "Aileen Aroon," composed by Gerald O'Daly, a melody which Handel first heard, and grandly admired, on the occasion of his visit to Dublin in 1742 Robin Adair, who sat in the Irish Parliament for the borough of Philipstown, died in 1737. The late Sir George Hodson, who showed me the claret beakers and lent me the harp, was fourth descendant from Robin Adair; Sir George's grandfather, William Hodson, of Old Court, Bray, having married Miss Adair, the daughter of the redoubtable Robin. Tom Moore speaks somewhere of a certain Scot called Dempster, who, having tried hard to prove that many so called Irish saints were really of Scottish birth, was called "The saint stealer," in consequence; but I have brought under your notice the double theft both of a tune and a chieftain of Irish birth, both which are believed to be Scottish by nine out of ten people we meet! Indeed, Robert Burns asserted, that both *Grama chree* (our "Harp that once,") and *Aileen Aroon* were Scotch tunes; but this is not the only occasion in which Robert Burns failed in his truth. Our fine but sad tune, "Limerick's Lamentation," which arose out of the tears of the Irish women expatriated after the capitulation of that city, has been also made off with by the Scotch, and is now (after the manner of those gypsies who steal children) disguised as "Lochaber nae mair!"

ANCIENT VS. MODERN HARPS.

To the ordinary listener all harps are alike, and a harp but a harp, and between the ancient Irish harp and the modern Erard at 120 guineas, with its perfected scale, its enharmonic changes, and its new powers of modulation, the difference is very great. Perhaps one of the most beautiful effects of the modern harp with catgut strings is its faultless *pianissimo*, which, aroused by the soft touch of a woman's hand, leaves nothing to be desired; and yet it must be confessed that in some respects the ancient wire strung harp of Ireland affects us more deeply. A sweet tone of complaint is peculiar to it, which cannot be produced by any strings of catgut. It was doubtless these sad tones, clearly mingling their vibrations, to which Giraldus referred when he alluded to "the tinkling of the small strings sporting with freedom under the deep notes of the bass," an effect which was, of course, intensified by the peculiar manner in which harpers of the very old Irish school (such players as Denis A. Hempsy) were accustomed to catch the wires, viz, between the fleshy finger tips and the nails, the latter being suffered to grow long for this purpose. It has always struck the writer of these few remarks as an instance of those apparent contradictions which abound in Irish affairs, that so

FEW IRISH GIRLS CAN BE INDUCED TO STUDY THE NATIONAL INSTRUMENT,

an instrument which, apart from its musical charm, is so peculiarly graceful to behold. Formerly the Council of the Irish Academy of Music made many efforts to remedy this. They, during the last two years, went so far as to engage one of the first English harpists to visit Dublin, offering instruction from her gratis, to any girl willing to accept it. We are, however, in great hopes that in the near future another harp class will be set on foot, under the auspices of the governing body of the Academy, a school musically led and guided by the talented daughter of the late lamented Alexander M. Sullivan, the niece of our recent chief magistrate, the Right Hon. T. D. Sullivan; and surely, if there be any force in heredity, the young lady to whom we allude cannot but be both talented and good.

Let our parting words then be,

"Hurrah for the Clarsenach!"

—*Ed.*

The Chicago Hotel.

No. 156 South Clark street, near Madison, is centrally located, perfectly clean, and strictly respectable, situated over Brockway & McKee's celebrated restaurant, and yet you can get a room to yourself on the first floor for only 50 cents, baths free. Try it. P. S. CONDON, Manager.

Lippincott's Magazine.

The second part of Nathaniel Hawthorne's "Elixir of Life" appears in the February number of *Lippincott's Magazine*. This is a version of the theme of "The Bloody Footstep," also treated by Hawthorne in "Dr. Grimshaw's Secret," "Septimius Felton," "The Dolliver Romance," etc. Mr. Julian Hawthorne, who edits the manuscript, by drawing attention to the similarities and discrepancies between this and other versions, presents an interesting study of the great romancer's methods of work, and, by paraphrasing such portions of the manuscript as are repeated in the published stories above named, imparts to the whole the character of a complete and rounded tale. The publication of the first part of this long buried MS in the January *Lippincott's*, giving, as it were, the history of an idea, created a widespread interest in the literary world. The eminent critic, R. H. Stoddard, in a review said: "It is a glorious fragment which the world will not willingly let die."

Resolutions of Condolence.

At a regular meeting of Division No. 21, Ancient Order of Hibernians, of this city, held on Sunday, Jan. 19, the following preamble and resolutions on the death of our late brother Cornelius Donovan, were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to remove from our midst our beloved brother, Cornelius Donovan, be it

Resolved, That in the death of our deceased brother the Division has lost a true and faithful member in the cause of Friendship, Unity, and True Christian Charity.

Resolved, That we deplore the loss of so steadfast a member, and tender our heartfelt sympathy to his beloved wife and family, knowing the void made by his death can never be filled; trusting his soul has gained that bright land where sorrow is unknown.

Resolved, That we tender to his wife and family our heartfelt sympathy in their trial of affliction, and trust that their days of anguish may be somewhat alleviated by the knowledge that while among us he led a good Christian life, and that while we mourn his loss we must try and imitate his good example.

Resolved, That as a tribute of respect to his memory these resolutions be spread on the record of the Division, and inserted in THE CITIZEN, and a copy sent to the wife and family of our deceased brother.

P. J. BARRETT,
T. D CLIFFORD,
JOHN MORAN,
Committee on Resolutions.

Why

Do reasonable people go outside the real city and buy in obscure suburbs at fancy prices when they can get lots only one block from the great Fifty-fifth street boulevard, on Robey street, which is 100 feet wide, at $400 each; on Seeley and Hoyne avenues, and south part of Fifty-fourth street, for $350? Terms of payment, $50 cash and $50 every six months, or on monthly payments. Cottages built to order.

WM. H. CONDON,
Real Estate Dealer,
156 Clark Street, Chicago Hotel.

Look here, Friend, Are you Sick?

Do you suffer from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Liver Complaint, Nervousness, Lost Appetite, Biliousness, Exhaustion or Tired Feeling, Pains in Chest or Lungs, Dry Cough, Nightsweats or any form of Consumption? If so, send to Prof. Hart, 88 Warren st., New York, who will send you free, by mail, a bottle of *Floroplexion*, which is a sure cure. Send to-day.

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren st., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

T. Shea, Merchant Tailor

No. 184 East Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

Houses and the Death Rate.

Mr. Noel A. Humphreys read a paper of much interest before the Statistical society on "Class Mortality," in which he drew attention to the fact that in the Peabody buildings in London, which now accommodate some 20,000 persons of the poorer classes, the number of infant deaths has been reduced seven per 1,000 below that of infants in London generally during the last five years. This shows, he said, how much housing has to do with our rate of death; and this is confirmed by the fact that the poorer classes who live much in the open air, like gardeners, nurserymen and agricultural laborers, attain an average age almost as good as that of clergymen themselves, in spite of their much greater privations.

It is impure air, in the long run, which shortens life even more than any other cause. It is a pity that insurance offices and benefit societies cannot inspect the houses of their clients, and charge a higher fee for insuring the lives of those who live in ill drained and ill ventilated houses than they charge for insuring the lives of those who live in well drained and well ventilated houses. What a reform in house structure that might bring about.—Boston Transcript.

What We Should Say.

A little boy—instead of a little wee boy.

A silver dollar—instead of a large silver dollar.

He drove the horses—instead of he drove the carriage.

He came through the doorway—instead of through the door.—Good Housekeeping.

MR. FINERTY'S BOOK.

The Manuscript of the Volume on the Sioux Wars, of 1876 and 1879, Which Opened Dakota, Wyoming and Montana Fully to Settlement, Now Ready for the Press.

Mr. John F. Finerty has finished the manuscript of his forthcoming historical volume of personal experiences in the field, as war correspondent for the Chicago *Times*, during the great Sioux war of 1876, conducted by Generals Crook and Terry, in which General Custer and his immediate command perished, and which terminated the year following in the surrender of the war chief, Crazy Horse, with the main body of the hostiles; and also of Gen. Miles' expedition against Sitting Bull's band in Northern Montana, during the summer of 1879. As correspondent in the field for the Chicago *Times*, the editor of THE CITIZEN was an eye-witness of both campaigns, and his volume will contain an authentic account of those stirring scenes which made the years mentioned memorable in American history. The march, the camp, the bivouac, the buffalo hunt, the battle, the scout and the skirmish, will give a variety of adventure such as no experience of civilized warfare could furnish. As those two wars virtually terminated the stubbornly held power of the warlike Sioux tribes in the great West their history cannot fail to be interesting to every officer and enlisted man of the United States Army, and also to the American people at large. It will be the aim of the writer to keep alive his readers' interest in the narrative, without deviating from military exactness. In order, however, to satisfy the demands of the purely military reader, and, at the same time avoid dryness in the body of the volume, he will publish, in the form of an appendix, such official documents bearing on the campaigns in question as may be of importance.

The writer also accompanied the column of Gen. Merritt, which went to the rescue of the survivors of Maj. Thornburgh's detachment on Milk river, Colorado, in the fall of 1879, when the Ute Indians rose in rebellion and murdered their agent and his assistants; and he was with Gen. Eugene A. Carr, when that officer campaigned against the White Mountain Apaches, who had murdered Capt. Hentig and some soldiers of the Sixth Cavalry in the Citicu valley, Arizona, in 1881. But these latter experiences, if compiled with Sioux campaigns, would make too bulky a volume, and their publication will be a matter for future action.

A good deal has been written in "dribs and drabs," as it were, of Indian campaigning in several of our territories, and much of it has been highly interesting; but the work now in course of preparation will have the advantage of having been written—the foundation of it, at least—in the very midst of the scenes and incidents which it will describe. There will be no attempt at picturesque exaggeration, because, in all truth, the experiences of the Sioux War excelled anything that the human imagination could create. Therefore, whatever merit the book may possess will be due quite as much to the opportunities of the author as to his qualifications as a historian.

The principal surviving officers who held command in the expeditions and scouts which John F. Finerty accompanied were: Major Gen. George Crook; Brigadier Gen. Nelson A. Miles; Brig. Gen. Wesley Merritt; Bvt. Maj Gen. Eugene A. Carr, colonel of the Sixth cavalry; Col. W. B. Royall, late of the Fourth cavalry, retired; Col. A. W. Evans, Third cavalry; Bvt. Colonel and Major Guy V. Henry, Ninth cavalry; Bvt. Colonel and Maj. Anson Mills, Tenth cavalry; Bvt. Col. and Maj. H. E. Noyes, U. S. A.; Col. T. H. Stanton, U.S.A.; Col. Alex. Chambers, U. S.A.; Maj. A. S Burt, U S.A.; Maj. Luhn, U.S.A.; Maj. Burke, Fourteenth infantry; Maj. P. D. Vroom, U. S. A.; Maj. T. C. Tupper, Sixth cavalry; Major G. M. Randall, Twenty-third infantry; Capt. Charles King, U. S. A., the famed military novelist, late of the Fifth cavalry, retired; Capt. John G. Bourke, Third cavalry, formerly aid to Gen. Crook; Capt. Rice, Fifth infantry; Capt. Baldwin, Fifth infanry; Lieut. O. F. Long, Fifth infantry; Lieut. Frederick W. Sibley, Second cavalry, commander of the celebrated "Sibley Scout," of which Mr. Finerty was the only journalistic attache; and a number of others more or less distinguished.

The details of publication have been nearly completed, but it is settled that the volume will be put before the public at popular prices, and in good form. When all the details of publishing the book have been agreed upon, due announcement will be made in these columns and elsewhere.

H.R.EAGLE

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Our "Best" Patent Flour is made exclusively for us by one of the best mills of Minnesota. It is made from selected No. 1 hard wheat, and we will guarantee it to be the finest flour in the market and to please every time.

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CONSUMPTION

DREAMS.

In dreams I walk in pleasant ways,
By limpid streams in sunny dells,
Where peace abides and beauty dwells,
And splendors glow through happy days.

I dream of friends whose faith is fast,
I dream of love that cannot fail,
Of joys that never tire nor pale,
Of hopes that beckon till the last.

In dreams I hear the songs of birds,
I see the shores of happy lands,
I feel the clasp of loving hands,
I catch the drift of tender words.

They are but dreams, and I, alas,
Awake to weep my vanished bliss!
Awake to feel the truth of this—
That dreams can never come to pass.

I sometimes wish I ne'er had dreamed
About the things I long for so,
For then my heart might never know
How dear their sweet fulfillment seemed.

Still let me dream, for oftentimes
The path is drear, the day is bleak,
My soul so sad, my heart so weak,
I fain would hear the happy chimes.

The happy chimes that fancy rings
Across the dreary moors of life;
I fain would see amid my strife
The peaceful visions fancy brings.

—Eva Donaldson in Boston Courier.

MARTHA.

"She's a good gal an' deserves to be happy of anybody does!"

Old John Compton gave the wheel of his wagon an emphatic twirl around the axle which he had been greasing. His brow was troubled, his voice betrayed emotion. Removing his funnel shaped hat, he wiped the moisture from his wrinkled face.

Behind him was his cabin, and in its entry his wife was at work. In front of him lay his crops exulting in the sunshine. He took the prop from the axle; then he joined his wife.

"Mother," he said, in the same disquieted tone that had characterized his soliloquy a moment before, "mother, you think Martha's made up her mind about Berry Bradley an' 'twouldn't do no good to reason furder with her?"

The woman turned from the churn, and drew near to him. Her movement was oldishop, her face as grave as his; sighing, she said:

"Do any good? Not a particle. I've been agin it, John, the Lord's my witness. I've suffered torments; not a nacherl night's rest in a month have I had. But what's to be done? It's the Lord's will, I reckon. You don't know nothin' about a mother's feelin's—a man cayn't, it aint natur'; but I've got some'n to tell you; you're her father an' orter know, though sech matters kin pass better betwixt women folks, kase they understand one another.

"Last night I couldn't rest. You was sound asleep. I thought I heerd some'n a-stirrin' in the child's room. I got out o' bed and crept 'cross the entry, an', a-standin' thar at that crack, I heerd her a-cryin' an' a-prayin' in thar to herse'f, 'thout a sign of a light.

"I peeped in at the door, an' saw the pore gal's face in the moonshine. In all my born days I hain't seed sech misery on a human countenance. She was as dead white as a corpse, a-settin' on the side o' the bed with her arms crossed, bendin' for'ard an' back'ard, a-moanin' an' a-prayin' in whispers.

"I knowed 'twas kase we'd been a-talkin' agin' Berry, an' I went to her an' tuk her up in my lap—she's a pore frail little thing anyway; she never was overly stout.

"After awhile she told me all about it from beginnin' to end. Berry uster tote her dinner basket an' jine her on the road to school mighty nigh every day—three year ago 'fore he tuk to drinkin'. She begun to love him then. She never opened her mouth about it, an' you know he didn't come to the house even as often as Olem Craig, so how's we to know?

"She don't dispute that he's triflin'. He's al'ays been kind an' lovin' to her, she says; an' has promised time an' agin to stop drinkin'. She thinks she can get 'im to give it up. He proved to her, at meetin', yesterday, by Budd Logan, 'at he haint teched a drop o' anything intoxicatin' in over three weeks. He says he never will agin; but the's no tellin' 'bout them that's tied to liquor. He mout start agin, an' what ud come o' her?"

The huskiness in the woman's voice got the mastery of her articulation, and she went silently back to the churn. She continued her work, but the dasher in her unsteady hand struck against the sides of the churn with unwonted force. She was wiping her eyes on the skirt of her bonnet.

The subject of the conversation just reported was the only living child of the old couple; their other children had died before they had passed the period of infancy. Martha was the pet, the joy of the humble household. More than once the neighbors had expressed themselves against what they considered to be doting over indulgence of the girl on the part of the father and mother.

"She'll be eternally sp'iled," quoth one.

"She's the only gal in the hollow 'at kin afford to wear shoes in summer time; next thing you'll hear o' her a-havin' a hoss an' buggy," said another.

"They put her to school six months last year. The most 'at common folks gits fur th'r children is a month 'twixt layin'-by time an' Christmas," complained an old crone with a ragged brood of ten children dependent on her.

His wife's graphic recital of the girl's unhappiness touched the old farmer deeply. He could frame no reply. Walking restlessly across the puncheon floor he shaded his eyes from the glare of the afternoon sun and gazed westward, where he descried a couple advancing along the road through the fields. It was Martha and her lover—a slight, girlish form in a homespun gown, a burly young countryman with a slouching walk.

They came to the cabin together, both silent. The girl's features were regular and pleasing, her face deep and serious; she was about 18 years of age, the young man 25.

"Won't you come in an' rest?" she asked, in a restrained tone, with a dubious and stolen glance at her parents.

He complied, manifestly abashed, gave the occupants of the entry a gawky bow and a mumbled "Howdy," and took a seat on an empty soda keg against the wall, which, in his immediate vicinity, was frescoed elaborately with strings of red pepper pods hung up to dry.

The titillating dust and odor from this vegetable made him long to sneeze. His excessive timidity or bashfulness, however, thwarted such an outbreak.

As a rule, young men in this region when they go "a-sparkin'" have little to say. Berry Bradley, while different in many respects from the average "Sprout Hollow" swain, was no exception to this rule. If you had seen him, as he sat there, you would have taken him for an immutable mute. The pepper pods had incited his eyes to tears, yet he did not have the courage to alter his position, but sat looking through the blur as patient as a statue in a fog.

Besides, no other seat invited occupancy save a dismantled candle box near Mrs. Compton's churn. The discomforts arising from the pepper pods were preferable to a nearer approach to his mother-in-law in prospect.

The good woman finished her work at the churn, and, without a glance at the visitor, went moodily into one of the rooms to arrange the table for the evening meal; whereupon Berry moved slightly, got his feet and hands into a less tense posture, and wiped his eyes on his coat sleeve. The farmer picked up his basket, and went out to feed his horses; the visitor sneezed with a kind of bray, and left the pods.

"I'd better be a-goin'," he remarked to the girl standing near the steps.

"What's your hurry?" she asked, with a quick, troubled expression in her eyes.

"Do you think a man orter wait tell ole Gabe blows his horn in his year 'fore he takes a hint? My room's wuth more'n my company in this shebang," he replied angrily.

"I cayn't he'p it, Berry," she answered, with a sigh. "I've done all I kin. You oughtn't to blame me fur it."

"Well, it makes no odds. I'll meet you at meetin' to-morrow night, an'll fetch you home. No, I'm to blame fur't all, but you'll see. You've said you'd try me, an' you shan't be sorry."

His tone was very serious, and he walked away without another word.

It is no small wonder that such a man as Berry Bradley could have won the maiden—the most eligible in every respect in Sprout Hollow. Reckless and improvident as this man was, void of physical attractiveness or educational advantages, he held the girl in his power by her heart cords, and through her he held her parents.

Reluctantly the old people consented to the marriage. Berry renewed his promises to reform with doubled earnestness, and the wedding day drew to hand.

People for miles around gathered at the Compton cabin that bright summer afternoon. The cabin was not large enough to accommodate the guests, so the space under the trees in front of the house was utilized for their accommodation. Neighbors brought chairs and stools; planks and rails were laid across stones to make benches, and various other articles of household furniture and outdoor rubbish adapted to the purpose were brought into use for seating the crowd. Many of the men stood up; some sat on the rail fence of the cow lot near by.

Everything became so still when the parson stepped from among the crowd into the entry that the drone of the bees around the hives at the end of the cabin could be heard. Berry led his bride from one of the rooms, and they stood before the preacher. Her gown was of plain white muslin. A mass of glossy brown hair fell in waves over her shoulders.

A few smiles, such as touch faces at fashionable weddings, even though void of sincerity, would not have been out of place, now that the girl's step was irrevocable; but the simple minds of the spectators were unlearned in such subtle arts, and the upturned countenances mutely and firmly spoke disapprobation of the match, and sympathy for the parents, for the bridegroom's character was well and unfavorably known by them all.

At the feet of the bride sat her parents, their gray heads uncovered in the spray of dancing sunshine which fell through the tree branches. Truly pitiful was the feeble semblance of approval which they strove to keep in their care worn faces.

The ceremony was over. The most friendly of the neighbors shook hands with the newly married pair; then the throng melted away. Intense and embarrassing silence came to the household with the departure of the guests. Martha was to go forthwith to the cabin that her husband had made ready for her on some land a few miles distant, which he had rented for the next year.

Berry brought out Martha's box and a bundle of new quilts—her dowry—and put them in a buggy. The young bride kissed her speechless mother, and twined her arms tightly around the wrinkled neck. With eyes brimful of tears she went to her father, as he leaned over the fence looking fixedly at nothing.

He turned when her hands touched his arm and put his rough, sun browned hand against the side of her face. He did not kiss her; she did not intend to kiss him. Such a mark of affection had never passed between them, but a deep feeling was evinced in his dispirited demeanor, and revealed in the dimmed orbs beneath the shaggy gray eyebrows, that more than sufficed.

"You'll be over soon, you an' your—you an' Berry, I reckon," he said disconnectedly, with twitching lips. "You're ally's welcome as long as me'n your mother has a roof above us. I'll have Tobe Sanders drive your cow over early in the mornin'. You'd better take Sook, I reckon; she seems to be your favorite. She's a good milch cow, an'll give more'n enough milk for you two."

For a few moments after the bride and bridegroom had driven away Farmer Compton remained where she had left him. Mrs. Compton sat in the entry alone. She rose firmly and went to kindle a fire in the chimney. Her husband approached her as she knelt in the ashes on the wide hearth.

"Never mind, mother," he said, plaintively, "I haint hungry. Le's make out with a cold snack this time. It's been many a year sence we've gone 'thout warm supper, but I don't feel much like eatin', an' I reckon you don't nuther."

Nothing reluctant she consented. They sat in the door and watched the sinking sun draw away his gold from the clouds, and saw the gloaming darken the low lands and drape the hills in gray. They sat closer together than they had sat for years before.

Berry began his married life in a much more exemplary manner than was generally expected of him. His cabin was well equipped for occupany. He straightway went to work to bring his soil into fit condition for the planting of crops. Winter passed; spring rolled brightly on. Martha was happy. Her husband was, indeed, very kind and attentive, and she loved him more than ever, and secretly enjoyed the knowledge that her friends were now finding out the errors of their prophesies concerning her welfare.

But, alas! this happy time was short. Berry had gone to the village to poll his vote in a local election. He did not return as early as had been his wont when he went to the village. Martha stood in the door, anxiously awaiting him until night had fallen. She heard the clatter of horse hoofs, and he rode up, his horse foaming with perspiration. He alighted, leading the animal bunglingly to the stall.

The young wife shrunk with instinctive dread into the cabin. Once before her marriage she had seen precisely that unsteady walk, that languid drooping of head and shoulders. She knew well what it betokened. She made haste to place the supper on the table. She could not go to him as she had been accustomed to do. This he noted with quickened sensitiveness on his entrance.

Throwing himself clumsily in a chair, he glowered at her as she shrunk before him. The consciousness that he had broken his promise of total abstinence was uppermost in his mind.

"A man cayn't tech a drap 'thout you a-thinkin' 'at he's gwine to take to it reg'lar," he said, with a thick tongue. "The's reason in everything. A man haint wuth that"—trying to snap his fingers—"that cayn't drink on a particular 'casion like this 'thout making a hog o' hiss'f."

With the table between her and him, she stood, pale and quivering in every fiber, unable to answer him.

"Lost yore tongue, 't seems. 'Lection's over, Pete Grogan's out next sheriff; stayed till votes counted out. You kin jest stan' thar like a post till it thunders ef you want to. I won't make you believe what I'm a-tellin' you."

"Berry," she said desperately, moving a chair to his place at the table, "supper is ready. Come before it's cold."

"Don't want no supper," he said, tetily; "ain't gwine to eat at no table whar I'm looked on like a brute. Cayn't tech a drop with ole friends I wuz fotch up with 'thout the whole world bein' upset."

He rose angrily and staggered out of doors. She heard the gurgle of a bottle, and when he came in she noted the bulge of a capacious whisky flask in his pocket. He resumed his chair without speaking.

Hours passed by; he was becoming more deeply inebriated. He sat, an inert human mass, with lolling head waggling, now and then, on his breast, and was in great danger of tumbling to the floor. The last pine knot was flickering in the chimney. When it expired darkness would fall. She shuddered at the situation. Something must be done; she must get him upon the bed.

She touched his feverish head with her cold hands. He paid no heed to her, breathing very heavily. She pulled at his arms:

"Berry!" she called gently; "Berry, git on the bed!"

He raised his head with inflamed eyes and a bestial growl. She tried to raise him again, praying inwardly. He got to his feet and plunged toward the door. With all her strength she endeavored to pilot him to the bed. Maddened by the restraint her hands put upon him, he threw back his arm with brutal force and struck her in the temple. Then he plunged into the darkness without and she fell to the floor.

The grayish light of dawn stealing over the hill tops into the cabin fell on the face of a dead woman. A few hours after sunrise a neighbor chanced to look in at the door and discovered her.

Immediately he summoned his wife and daughters, and sent a bearer of the tidings to the Comptons. Before the mother and father arrived, Berry Bradley's body was found in the river, not far from the cabin. In his blind wanderings he had fallen into the stream, and drowned helplessly. In consideration of the circumstances attending his death, and the death of his wife, it was determined that his remains should not be brought to his cabin.

There are few things in human nature more sublime than the patient fortitude of the simple people in the region in which these events occurred. The dead girl's parents drove up to the cabin about noon. While the old man, with trembling hands, unhitched his mules, his wife stood waiting for him, with her back to the cabin. Tears had not dampened her cheeks that day. The women standing around the rough coffin retired as the old couple entered the cabin.

Neither of the two shed tears even then, though their aged frames trembled violently as their eyes fell upon the dead. Slowly and gently, as if Martha was sleeping, Mrs. Compton raised the brown hair from the bruised spot at the temple and softly stroked the pallid cheek.

"She loved him more'n she did us. Poor little Mattie!" She retied the little bow of blue ribbon around the pale neck and went outside the door and sat down amongst the old women, and a few moments later they bore the body of the daughter she loved to its lonely grave on the hill side.—Will N. Harben in Youth's Companion.

DUKE OF AOSTA DEAD.

Humbert's Brother Passes Away at Turin, Italy.

THEATRES IN THE KINGDOM CLOSED.

A History of the Life of the One Time King of Spain—An Unsuccessful Attempt to Assassinate Him in 1872—The Boycotting of English Trade in Lisbon—Latest Rumor About the Tragedy at Meyerling—Foreign Notes.

TURIN, Jan. 20.—Prince Amadeo, Duke of Aosta, brother of King Humbert, and formerly King of Spain, died here at 7 p. m. Saturday. He was conscious at the moment of his death and received the pope's blessing from Cardinal Alimonda. The duke died of pneumonia and had been ill but a few days. King Humbert's physician came from Rome to attend him Friday. All the theatres in the kingdom are closed and all state festivities discontinued. The duke recognized his majesty. Besides the king the duke's wife, his children, his sister, the Princess Clothilde, and his nearest relatives were present at his death. This event interrupts and will stop the proposed journey to the east of the Prince of Naples.

DUKE OF AOSTA.

A Sketch of His Life.

The Duke of Aosta was the second son of Victor Emmanuel, the first king of Italy, and was born May 30, 1845. Entering the army he became captain of a brigade of infantry at Aosto, then lieutenant general and chief of a brigade of cavalry. Marshal Prim, after the revolution of 1868, offered him the Spanish crown, and Oct. 19, 1870, he formally announced his candidature. The 16th of the following month the cortes elected him king of Spain by 191 votes against 120. He formally accepted the crown Dec. 4, 1870. The young king landed at Cartagena Dec. 30, the very day Marshal Prim expired from the wounds received at the hands of an assassin a few hours previously. His reign was a brief and troublous one. He was unpopular with the Spanish people, and his position, which had never been secure, became extremely dangerous in the summer of 1872, when a Carlist rising took place in the northern provinces. The 19th of July in that year an unsuccessful attempt was made to assassinate him.

A SERIOUS MATTER.

The Boycotting of English Trade by Portuguese in Lisbon.

LONDON, Jan. 20.—The boycotting of English trade in Lisbon is becoming a serious matter. Many English firms have been compelled to close their doors in consequence of the boycott. Portuguese merchants are canceling their English coal contracts in all directions and the spirit of ostracism is spreading everywhere. The consignee of one cargo of coal refused to unload it, thereby raising a legal question of some moment. The case will be submitted to the tribunals. Meanwhile the German merchants and agents are eagerly snapping up all orders for coal and other stuff, and American houses are cabling offers over here to supply goods of all kinds to replace the boycotted English goods. Tradesmen everywhere are hastening to take advantage of the situation. A vigilance committee has been formed for the purpose of denouncing receivers of English goods. The Portuguese government expects a favorable reply to its note to the powers asking their intervention in the dispute between Portugal and Great Britain concerning territory in Africa.

The Meyerling Tragedy.

VIENNA, Jan. 20.—An extraordinary and very sensational verson of the Meyerling tragedy has been published in the Vienna papers, but is, however, not credited in the court circles at the Hofburg. It is to the effect that Archduke Rudolf and his inamorata, the young Baroness Vetsera, were brother and sister. It is whispered that the Emperor Franz Josef made love to the dowager Baroness Vetsera, and that the heroine of the Meyerling tragedy was born to them; that when the facts were told to the Archduke Rudolf he was so affected by the revelation of the terrible secret that he committed suicide. The only basis for the story seems to be a report that when Count Hoyos brought the news of Rudolf's fate to the emperor his majesty exclaimed: "My son, my daughter!" The story has recalled and renewed much gossip.

Belgian Miners Threaten Trouble.

BRUSSELS, Jan. 20.—The infantry was confined to the barracks Sunday in readiness for an emergency in connection with the labor troubles. A squadron of cavalry has gone to Charleroi, where the miners are arming themselves with axes and other implements and assuming a threatening attitude.

The German Death Rate Declining.

BERLIN, Jan. 20.—During the second week in January the death rate declined largely in Berlin, Konogsburg, Dantsic, and Frankfort, while it increased in Munich, Cologne, Kiel, and Stuttgart. It is now declining in most of the cities of Germany.

Emin Pasha's Condition.

ZANZIBAR, Jan. 20.—An abscess has appeared on the exterior of Emin Pasha's skull, and partial paralysis of the tongue has intervened.

Declined to Handle a Russian Loan.

PARIS, Jan. 20.—The Rothschilds have refused to float the new loan desired by the Russian government.

What Will They Do with the Officer?

NEW YORK, Jan. 20.—Maurice Barrymore, the actor, was arrested Saturday night at Broadway and Thirty-first street, charged by an officer with disorderly conduct, refusing to move on, and using vile language. He made a counter charge against the officer of using vile language and interfering with a peaceable citizen. He was bailed out, and in court Sunday morning he was discharged.

Malignant Diphtheria.

TUSCOLA, Ills., Jan. 20.—At Hayes, Ills., diphtheria in a malignant form has made its appearance, and in the family of James Woods three children have died within two days. There are many cases in that place and a spread of the contagion is feared.

Marshall Field's Gift.

CHICAGO, Jan. 20.—Marshall Field has given ten acres of land, valued at $100,000, as a site for the Baptist University which J. D. Rockefeller has endowed with $500,000.

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THE CASE OF SOPHY JOHNSTON.

She Was a Masculine Woman, but She Would Wear a Wig.

Well, now, was it not only last week that a correspondent set me thinking on what no woman, however strong minded, would be ever likely to do, and that men constantly do; and I decided that the one thing is—display a bald head? I have since writing read an amusing illustration of the truth of my judgment. About 150 years ago the laird of Hylton, in Fifeshire, was expecting his son and heir, and accordingly was reflecting seriously on the education of youth. He at length told his wife that in his opinion it was a mistake to try to train children at all. It would be much better to let nature take her own way; and he had decided that his heir should not be taught anything, not even be thwarted in any taste or corrected in any habit.

Need I add that when the expected heir was born it turned out to be a daughter? Never mind! Hylton kept to his theory, and Sophy Johnston accordingly grew up as untrained as a wild flower in the woods. Nature seemed to enter into the joke heartily; for Soph had a man's voice, with which she loved to sing a man's bass song. Her favorite amusement was blacksmithing; she could shoe a horse better than any man in the shire, and her private apartment contained a forge, at which Soph spent much of her time. Another pet occupation was trunk making. She was a Nimrod in the field, and a Jehu on the box.

Soph Johnston, when a vieille fille of 45 or so, established herself as a permanent guest in the castle of her father's friend, the fifth Earl of Balcarres, where her forge was fitted up for her, and she was allowed to do just as she liked. She had rich relatives in Gibraltar, none nearer; and she frequently said that she expected them to invite her to go to them, but added that nothing should make her leave her Balcarres friends. The two mischievous eldest girls of the house, Lady Anne (afterward the author of "Auld Robin Gray") and Lady Margaret, thought it was a pity that Soph should not have an opportunity of proving her devotion to them in this way. So, as the expected invitation never came, they wickedly forged a letter in the name of the rich relations, begging Soph to go to Gibraltar.

They intended, when she had written her refusal, to stop its being sent by revealing to her their little plot. But to their horror poor old gentlemanly Soph quietly posted a letter to her relatives accepting the invitation, and the unhappy girls knew not what she had done till she confided to the family that she had already begun to make her traveling box and had ordered herself a new wig—an article which she had been suspected of but had never before confessed to wearing. So even poor Soph Johnston, with her man's boots, man's voice, man's songs, man's diversions and with a smithy and a carpenter's bench, was not equal to displaying a bald head.—London Illustrated News.

He Was in the Style.

One day, when Thomas Cratty, the Chicago lawyer, was a young man, he received an invitation to a swell ball. In the lower left hand corner of the invitation were the letters "R. S. V. P.," and they were too much for Cratty. He puzzled over them for a while and then went to a friend.

"What does 'R. S. V. P.' stand for?" he asked.

"Respondez s'il vous plait," replied the friend.

"Responde silver plate!" exclaimed Cratty. "What does that mean? Have I got to send my regrets on a salver?"

"No; it means 'Respond if you please.' The hostess wants an answer."

"All right. I'll send one."

Cratty went out and bought some cream colored note paper and then penned his regrets. They read:

"Mr. Cratty regrets his inability to accept Mrs. Blank's kind invitation.

"T. H. N. C."

Of course the hostess was puzzled. She couldn't make head or tail out of T. H. N. C., and so submitted the strange missive to her husband. He promptly gave it up, but resolved to secure an explanation. He met Cratty and asked him about it.

"Oh, I like to be in style," said Cratty. "Proper thing to put letters down in the corner, you know."

"But don't they mean anything?"

"Of course they do. T. H. N. C.—Tom Has No Clothes."—Chicago Tribune.

Endangered the Train to Save On.

The following story is told of a German railroad brakeman who lives in this city: The train on which he was braking chanced to be out after dark, and, as Jake had neglected to fill with oil the lamps in the rear end of the hind coach, he concluded that if the train should happen to be out late the supply of oil might be exhausted. So Jake modestly takes the lamps down, blows them out, and places them inside the coach. During the night the passenger train was side tracked to allow a fast mail to pass, and in turning the switch a fellow brakeman noticed that there were no lights in the rear end of the coach. Going to Jake, he said, "Where are your rear lights?" "Oh, I vas put them out, as I thot we vould needs them if we vas out late."—Cincinnati Times Star.

Agassiz and Dom Pedro.

When Agassiz was lecturing in Rio de Janeiro, Dom Pedro was then about going to war in Paraguay; but he had been greatly interested in Agassiz's lectures, and the naturalist, quite as a matter of course, wrote a note to his fellow scientist, the emperor, begging that if he could spare any time from the war he would send up some specimens of Paraguayan fish. Mrs Agassiz reproved her husband for the liberty he took, but the professor serenely responded that the emperor, as a naturalist, would not misunderstand his request: and the professor's student instinct was correct, for specimens of Paraguayan fish, forwarded by the emperor, now enrich the cabinet of natural history, left by Agassiz to Harvard university.—New York Letter.

Bunch Grass.

"The bunch grass which grows so luxuriantly upon the western plains is a curious plant," said a ranchman yesterday. "It grows everywhere throughout the west wherever there is the slightest rainfall, and in the greatest luxuriance along the river bottoms. It's a godsend to the grazing industry, and although a homely plant, possesses more of the fattening qualities than the far famed blue grass of old Kentuck. Indeed, much of the fast horseflesh of the mountain districts owes its staying powers to a diet upon this succulent grass. Spokane, for example, took its full allowance of bunch grass in his coltish days. Bunch grass grows in thick hummucks, or bunches, as the name would indicate.

Half a hundred sharp pointed spears often arise from a single hump, and often to a height of eighteen inches. In the spring it is a delicate green, but later on dries up, but cures to perfection upon the root. During the winter cattle dig with their noses for this grass concealed beneath the snow. However, if the snow is covered with a crust, steers are thus cut off from their usual food and die off in large numbers, as it is a peculiarity of a steer that it never uses its hoofs in removing the snow from the familiar pasturage. Horses, however, break the crust with their hoofs, and thus stand the hard western winters better than cattle. The buffalo always makes use of the hoofs in uncovering the food, and somewhere down in Kansas there is a stock farm where this faculty of using the hoofs is being developed by judicious crossing of buffaloes with the native cattle.—Minneapolis Journal.

Beethoven's Last Piano.

The "Beethoven's House society," Bonn, has recently acquired Beethoven's last piano. It was made by the court piano maker, Konrad Graff, who died at Vienna in 1851. He went to that city in the beginning of this century, and soon gained a reputation by the excellence of his pianos. The instrument in question was expressly ordered from him by Beethoven. In consideration of his deafness, it was made with four strings to each key, instead of the usual three. Owing to the strength of its tones, Beethoven used it almost exclusively in the last years of his life. After his death it passed into the hands of the bookseller, Franz Wimmer, of Vienna; and, after the marriage of his daughter to a Swiss clergyman named Widmann, it became the property of the Widmann family in Berne. Its genuineness is proved by documents, and confirmed by the authority of Johannes Brahms. It is now in the house in which the great composer was born at Bonn.—London Standard.

He Died as Does the Swan.

A peculiarly pathetic incident marked the closing of the life of Alonzo E. Stoddard, the well known Boston baritone, who died with typhoid fever. As he lay on his cot in the hospital breathing his last, a sudden inspiration seemed to revivify him, and, to the wonder of all, he sat upright in his couch and began to sing in his familiar, robust voice one of his favorite operatic solos. He never sang with more feeling or with more beauty of tone. The song was sung from beginning to end, the last notes died away, and just as they ended the singer fell back in his bed, dead.—Peoria Transcript.

KENTUCKY'S PIONEERS.

THE EARLY MOTHERS WHO COULD PROTECT THEMSELVES.

Women and Children as Indian Fighters. Mrs. Daviess' Strategic Movement for the Capture of a Lawless White Enemy of Her Husband—The Story of "Sharp Eye."

In the early settlement of Kentucky, the boys, and even the women and children, became as thorough soldiers as the men. This was the result of their surroundings. They were educated to it, and lived at a time when it was necessary to practice it daily. There were few women on the frontier but could load and fire a rifle, and many of them could do it with as fatal accuracy as their fathers, husbands and brothers. A fair illustration is found in the case of a Mrs. Daviess, whose husband was among the early settlers of Lincoln county. She could shoot an Indian with as steady a hand as Daniel Boone himself. One day a white man came to her husband's cabin who had stolen some property from him, and who bore a bad character generally.

Mrs. Daviess was alone with her children when this desperado called, and, knowing her husband was on the lookout for him, she resolved to capture him. Upon his entering the cabin she asked him if he would not "take a dram"—no pioneer's home was ever found without its whisky bottle, which was kept as a remedy for snake bites, etc. She put the bottle on the table and told him to step up and help himself. He set his gun against the cabin wall to comply with her invitation, and, after a hearty pull at the bottle, he turned to find himself looking into the muzzle of his own rifle, which Mrs. Daviess had picked up while he was drinking, cocked it, and stood with it leveled at his head. When he asked her what she meant, she informed him that he had stolen her husband's property, and she meant to keep him there until his return, and she did. She stood guard over him until her husband's return, when she delivered to him her prisoner.

The boys were no less brave and manful. To fight the "Injuns" was the first thing they learned, and, by the time they could lift a rifle they knew how to use it. Many instances and incidents could be given illustrating the heroism of the border boys, of which the following may be taken as a fair sample: Among the early settlers of Hardin county was one Silas Hart, an expert hunter, a thorough backwoodsman, and an inveterate Indian hater and fighter. Whenever an Indian incursion was made into the state he was one of the first on the trail, and he pursued them relentlessly and with the keenness of a bloodhound. His keen eye, and prowess in skirmish and battle, won from the Indians the name of "Sharp Eye."

On one of their many incursions into his neighborhood, Hart pursued them with a few chosen followers, and before they reached the Ohio shot and killed their chief. The savages vowed vengeance against him and his family, and shortly another incursion was made by them under the leadership of the brother of the fallen chief. As usual, Hart was first on their trail, and the savages retreated toward the Ohio. The whites finally despaired of overtaking them and returned home, when the Indians turned upon their trail and became the pursuers instead of the pursued. Hart reached his home about dark, and, being much fatigued from his long tramp, slept soundly all night, little dreaming of danger lurking near.

Next morning, just as the family were sitting down to breakfast, the savages appeared at the door, and the dead chief's brother shot Hart dead. His son, a lad but 12 years old, sprang up, seized his father's rifle and shot the murderous savage. As the next Indian sprang over his fallen leader, the brave and undaunted boy, with a large hunting knife, stabbed him to the heart. But the odds were against him, and he and his mother were carried away captives. It was the intention of the savages to take them to their towns and torture them, but they were finally ransomed and returned to their friends.

The same Daviess mentioned above was surprised one morning in August, 1782, by Indians. They had approached his cabin during the night, concealed themselves, and waited for him to make his appearance. Daviess, a little after daylight, got up and stepped out of his cabin. He had proceeded but a short distance from the door when, turning, he beheld a number of savages behind him and the cabin. Seeing there was no chance to render his family assistance, he fled to the nearest station, which was five miles distant, for help.

The Indians made prisoners of his wife and children, the eldest a boy 12 years old, and, knowing Daviess had escaped, they soon left with their prisoners, hoping to escape beyond the Ohio. Daviess gathered a force, and pursued so rapidly as to overtake them before night. As usual, when about to be brought to bay, the savages essayed to kill their prisoners, but were too closely pressed by the whites. A savage, however, succeeded in knocking down the boy and scalping him. The boy was not killed, only stunned by the blow, and almost as soon as the savage left him bounded to his feet, exclaiming: "Durn that Injun, he's got my scalp."

The boy lived to grow up to manhood, but was ever after "bald headed"; the hair would grow no more on that part of the head which had been scalped. He never forgave the savages for rendering him prematurely bald headed, but swore eternal vengeance against them. In the summer of 1792, ten years after his experiences detailed above, a band of Indians raided the settlement, and stole a number of horses. Young Daviess joined a party in pursuit of them. When the savages found they would be overtaken they ambushed the whites, and in the skirmish that ensued young Daviess was killed. Thus the Indian fatality clung to him.—William Henry Perrin in Louisville Courier-Journal.

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St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T P O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

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St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Roth, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Fois, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgenbam, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2301 Hanover st.

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St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; James Kane, R S, 239 W Thirteenth st; John McGhee, F S; John J Mansell, Treas; Dr Wm A Syron, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—O A Hawley, C R, 250 N Hoyne av; Edmond C Foley, R S, 412 Waubansia av; Joseph B Gleason, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner Robey and Milwaukee av, 1st and 3d Sunday, 3 p m.

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St. Eugene's Court, No. 32—J Measham, C R, 16 E Sangamon st; David Gostrell, R S, 670 Larrabee st; J Kavanagh, F S; M McDonell, Treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmar, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson avs.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Schmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Eriage, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

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St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, 1st Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5524 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4246 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Ozwan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Briski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 95 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont avs.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fourcier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Drouin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3157 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 506 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas: Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish

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McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; F C Orme, R S, 231 Orchard st; S E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st, 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1422 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 430 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 2 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; O Niersbach, F S; Chas Trauscht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brucciani, C R, 436 Milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pierotti, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter F Krantz, C R; Nicholas Allen, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jaequet, Treas. Meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Tooey, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P E Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J E Daly, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall

St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 445 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2616 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2074 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Bechant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Orenia, Treas. meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

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County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 3 p m., at Fitzgerald's hall, S. E. cor. Halsted and Adams sts.

County Delegate J. W. McCarthy, Lemont, Ill.

County Secretary, P. B. Finagan, 3623 Fifth avenue.

County Financial Secretary, W. J. Doherty.

County Treasurer, James B. Lynch.

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Div. No. 2—M. McCarthy, Pres., 810 Thirty-second st.; Thos. Halpin, V.-P.; J. F. O'Brien, Rec. Sec., 923 Thirty-fifth st; Wm. Holtes, Fin Sec; M. Lamb, Treas. Meet at 2535 S. Halsted st., 1st Sunday of every month.

Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 961 S. Halsted-st., Pres.; J. Fletcher, V. P.; Daniel Gordon, Rec. Sec., 959 ½ Halsted-st; P. F. Madigan, Fin. Sec.; M. Blake, Treas. Meets last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

Div. No. 5—Timothy Collins, Pres., 2104 State st; William White, V. P.; Michael C. Freil, Recording Sec., 44 Depuyster st.; P. V. Fitzpatrick, Fin. Sec.; James Fitzpatrick, Treas. Meet second Wednesday of each month at 8 p m, at 144 E. Twenty-second st.

Div. No. 6—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth-av; M. Reilly, V. P.; Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 402 Forty-third-st.; John Moore, Fin. Sec.; Mat Murray, Treas. Meet 2nd Sunday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall, Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—Pres., M. J. Barret, 444 Orden av.; Rec. Sec., William Madden, 476 W. Fifteenth-st.; Fin. Sec., James E O Brien, 378 S Morgan st; Treas., Mark Hardin, 432 W. Twelfth st. Meet at 446 W. Twelfth st, the second Sunday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 8—James P. Sweeney, Pres., 378 Oak st; P. Dolan, V. P.; Michael D. Sullivan, Rec. Sec., 258 N Market st; M. J Lyons, Fin. Sec.; Jas. A. Flanagan, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each of month at 3 p m. in North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 9—T O Egan, Pres; T Ahern, V. P.; J Colbert, Rec. Sec.; M. J. McManus, Fin. Sec; T. Farrell, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Bigerman's Hall, South Chicago.

Div. No. 11—Pres., Dominick Nicholson, 85 Emerson av.; V.-P. Dennis Foley; Rec. Sec., John Hoban, 396 W Indiana st; Fin. Sec., M. E. Lynch, Treas., Martin J. Corcoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Div. No. 12—Pres., Patrick Crimmins, 2062 Dearing st; V.-P., John J. Roche; Rec. Sec., James Lane, 2128 Ashland av; Fin. Sec., William J. Joyce; Treas., James Kelly. Meet first Sunday each month at 3 p m, in Kasner's hall, Lock st. and Archer av.

Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan; V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Prendergast; Fin. Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 p m in Dorris hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div. No. 15—Pres. M. J. Ryan, 267 Michigan st; V.-P., James Conway; Rec. Sec., William Tuit, 51 George st; Fin. Sec., Andrew G. Dugan; Treas., James O'Connor. Meet third Sunday each month in School hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 16—Pres, Patrick McGarry, 85 Indiana st; vice-pres, M Cox; rec sec, Dr P H Chambers, 405 and 405 Opera House Building; fin sec, T D Hurley; treas, M Gandey. Meet at 405 and 470 N Clark st, the first Sunday each month.

Div. 20—Pres, John O'Callaghan, 731 Carroll av; vice-pres, James E. Dunn; rec sec, M Connolly; fin sec, J. T. Fitzsimmons; treas, Thomas Flood. Meet the first Sunday each month at O'Callaghan's Hall, corner of Indiana and Indiana sts, at 2 p m.

Div. 21—Pres, Patrick Mahoney, 167 W 14th st; vice-pres, James Kearney; rec sec, John Morris, 47 S Morgan st; fin sec, M. O'Connor; treas, Thomas McGourty. Meet the third Sunday each month at 405 W Twelfth st

Div. 27—Pres, J. Bigane, 1274 39th st; vice-pres, Michael Larney; rec sec, —— Callaghan, cor Western & Aarcher aws; fin sec, John Bradrick; treas, John Lamney. Meet first Saturday each month at Lamney Hall, 3 Brighton Park, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 28—Pres, Patrick H. Carmody, 85 Hobrack st; vice-pres, Philip Dolan; rec sec, J J Quinn, 266 Forquer st; fin sec, T. L. Keys; treas, P Dougherty. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 8 p m, and fourth Sunday at 3 p m, at Sodality hall, cor 11th and May sts.

Div. 30—Pres, Patrick McLoughlin, Cummings, Ill.; vice-pres, L O Hartnett; rec sec, T F O'Malley, Cummings, Ill.; fin sec, Daniel Sculley; treas, Thos Hieland. Meet the last Sunday each month at Cummings, Ill., at 2:30 p m.

Div. 33—Pres, P. H. Chambers, Hyde Park; vice-pres, James Egan; rec sec, Thomas Kenny, 108 39th st; fin sec, Patrick McGrath; treas, Henry Lynch.

KNIGHTS OF ST. PATRICK.

COMMANDERY NO. 63 OF THE A. C. U., KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN.

Thos Doyle, First Vice-Commander. T. J. Solon, Second Vice-Commander. A. E Bolan, Secretary. D. Sullivan, Treasurer. J. T. Normile, Captain. Meets every Thursday night in Sedgwick street school-hall for drill. Second Sunday each month in same place at 3 p. m., for general business.

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Marshal, J. Doyle, 2394 E. Huron-st.

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FATHER MATHEWS' T. A. AND B. SOCIETY—Organized Feb. 4, 1866. Meet at hall 227 and 229 West Harrison-st., on the first and third Mondays of each month, at 8 p. m. Officers, David L. Barry, President, 29 Pine-st; Michael Kenny, 1st V.-P.; John McGaffrey, 2nd V.-P.; J. Cummins, Sec'y, 11 Gurley-st.; M. J. Walsh, Asst. Sec; J. Shannon, Treas. 498 W. Madison-st.

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HOW THEY MAKE SAILS.

TALK WITH A MAN WHO KNOWS ALL ABOUT THE BUSINESS.

Steam Has Almost Knocked Out the Sailmakers—How a Craft Is Fitted Out with a Complement of Sails—The Measuring, Sewing and Fitting.

"Steam, although it hasn't quite knocked out sailmaking, has pretty nearly given the quietus to a once important and money making business," said a well known Bay Ridge sailmaker. "As long as men use ships and boats so long will there be sails made, I suppose; but still, for all that, the trade isn't nearly what it used to be, when Atlantic packets and East Indiamen and Pacific coast ships used wind instead of that," and the speaker pointed to a huge ocean steamer which was crawling down the bay, emitting a huge black cloud from her double funnels.

TIMES HAVE CHANGED.

"Those were the times," he continued. "A suit of sails for a ship made a big hole in $2,000 or $3,000. No voyages were made without the sailmaker being called into requisition, and wages were high and profits large. But by degrees, as the steamship became the rule and the sailing ship the exception, trade grew less and less until at last it is practically confined to small crafts, yachts and sailing boats. Of course there are some full rigged ships and barks left, but the sails for these are usually made by local makers at the places where the crafts are built. And as there is little or no big ship building in New York, why consequently there is no use for the sailmaker, at least to any extent."

"How do you manage to measure a craft for her sails?"

"We take the measurements of the stays or ropes which form the outside edges of the sails in some cases, and in others we measure the spars upon which they are bent or fastened. With this data and a knowledge of the required swell or 'belly' of the sail we calculate the dimensions. In the case of a mainsail or spanker, for example, we measure the gaff, boom and mast. Canvas comes in 'bolts' or rolls, each containing about forty yards. It is an easy matter from the figures alluded to to ascertain how much canvas will be required for the complete sail. The canvas is made of hemp, and is wonderfully strong. It varies in quality from the heaviest and toughest used for the big sails of the largest ships down to the expensive white 'duck' for yachts, of so fine a texture that it can be used by the yachtsmen for trousers."

"How do you manage to sew such material?"

"There have been sail sewing machines in use, but I cannot say that they are a success altogether. And so hand sewing is the general rule. We use for this purpose, as you see, stout twine, which is soaked in tar to prevent its rotting, hard steel needles of a triangular shape and two to three inches in length, and a 'palm.' This last is a piece of of leather, or rather several pieces of leather, which covers the palm of the hand and the lower part of the thumb. It has in it, near the ball of the thumb, a piece of steel about the size of a quarter with a toughened surface. In sewing the base of needle rests on this steel, and it is then pushed through the canvas. In fact, it acts as a thimble for the sailmaker.

"The twine, which is made of soft hemp, comes in 100-yard skeins, and is, after tarring, wound into big balls. One of the first duties of a sailmaker's apprentice is to 'tar and wind.'"

THE STITCHES PULLED "HOME."

"It must be pretty hard work sewing?"

"Yes, it is. You see, every stitch has to be pulled 'home.' I run my needle through the canvas so, take a turn of the loose twine round the palm, and then with a jerk pull the stitch taut and well into the tough material. When sewing on the bolt ropes—that is, the ropes which form the outer edges of the many sails—the work is much harder. Then we sew with twine four times doubled, and each stitch is hauled home with a 'fid'—a kind of wooden marlinspike. When sewing on these ropes each stitch takes up a small portion of the canvas, and the result is that when we reached the end of the sail, on the measuring rule being applied, it is always found that the bolt rope is some inches too short. We then belay the edge of the sail between two stout posts, haul it up taut and set a couple of boys 'dancing' on the rope; they maintain their balance on it by catching hold of ropes suspended from the beams overhead. In a few minutes they stretch the rope, and with it the sail to the desired length. Sometimes, and especially in cold weather, this shrinkage will amount to a foot or more. Then all hands are set to work 'dancing,' and it may be a matter of a half an hour before the rope is stretched to the length required."

"How do you manage to get those iron rings at the corners of that jib into the loop of rope which holds them so snugly?"

"Those are what we call ear rings. We fix them so. The rope is opened by means of a heavy 'fid,' and is beaten down to a point of the fid corresponding in size to the diameter of the ear ring. When the fid is reversed the loop is struck off, and before it has time to shrink up the ear ring is thrust inside of it. In a second or so the loop contracts tightly round the ear ring—so tightly that there is little danger of its ever coming out again. These small rings here are called grummets. They are made by twisting a rope yarn and are used for sewing on to the holes through which the reef points go on a sail."—Brooklyn Times.

A Useful Present.

Mrs. Jobbs—What on earth is that?

Mr. Jobbs—This, my dear, is a barometer—a present from our son at college.

"Oh, I've heard of them. Isn't the dear boy thoughtful! Which way do we screw it when we want the weather to be fine?"—New York Weekly.

"Kid" and the Combination.

"To show you how 'safeblowers' take advantage of every opportunity to post themselves on safes," said a well known manufacturer of these strong boxes, "I can tell you of an incident that came to my notice several years ago. The safe of a private banker in Lincoln, Neb., got out of order and refused to open on the proper combination. The nearest safe expert was here in Chicago, but the banker had notes and bills in the safe which matured before the expert could have reached Lincoln. He was in that seemingly hopeless predicament when drowning men grasp at straws. He knew that there were several notorious safe crackers confined in the Lincoln penitentiary, and, going to the warden, he explained his position and asked that he send one of those men, under guard, to his place of business for the purpose of making an effort to open the safe. 'Kid' McCoy, an eastern crook of almost national reputation, who, by the way, has recently reformed and is now doing the 'burglar act' in a play called 'The Stowaway,' was at that time confined in the 'pen,' and the warden selected him as the most expert 'peterman' he had in stock and sent him down to the town under heavy guard.

"When the 'Kid' entered the private bank," continued the safe manufacturer, "he looked the stubborn safe over carefully and asked if there was another safe of the same make in the town. There was, and at his request he was taken to where it was and examined its locks. Returning to the bank, he sent out for a sledge hammer and a stick of cordwood. He placed the cordwood stick against the face sheet, directly over the combination, and then struck it sharply with the sledge. Turning to the banker, he told him to open the safe, and upon working the combination he did so easily. The 'Kid' was sent back to his cell in the 'pen' with a $20 gold piece in his pocket. But this was the smallest part of the reward, for, on examining the lock of the safe that was open, he discovered a way of picking the combination which he put into practical use as soon as he was liberated. I know this to be a fact, for I saw McCoy a couple of years ago when he was under arrest in New York, and he told me about it himself."—Chicago Herald.

Tea in Chinese Fashion.

A pretty device for making tea Chinese fashion at the home table and at afternoon teas, and for serving delicate refreshments to callers, consists of a hollow ball of gold or silver about the size of a walnut, suspended from a finger ring by a slender chain four or five inches long. The ball divides in the middle and the halves are hinged. It is perforated with innumerable holes. Sometimes it is made of gold or silver wire gauze. The hostess uses it in this way: She opens the hollow ball, fills the halves with dry tea leaves and clasps it shut. She then slips the ring from which it is suspended upon one of the fingers of the right hand. Filling a teacup with hot water, she lets the ball hang in the cup, and moves it back and forth and up and down until the water is colored to the desired strength. The strength of the tea, of course, depends upon the length of time the ball is dawdled in the cup.

The little ceremony is much pleasanter to the eye than the old way of pouring out tea, especially if the hostess be graceful and have a prettily modeled hand and wrist. Moreover, it produces an immeasurably finer cup of tea than can be had by any other method. At afternoon teas the hostess sits upon her divan with the trinket suspended from her finger, and makes the tea at a table by her side.

The tea ball, as it is called, is moreover an encouragement to the custom borrowed with it from the Chinese, of serving tea to callers—an adjunct to entertaining methods, which is rapidly becoming popular. Hot water, of course, is always at hand, and this easy and graceful way of making tea in the guest's presence forbids the suspicion that the hostess is putting herself to inconvenience in providing it. Besides being refreshing, the tea conduces to ease and sociability.—New York Sun.

Soon Over.

A sudden thaw in spring is a common enough cause of the swelling and overflow of rivers, but few people have experience of what might be called "magic rivers," which disappear almost as suddenly as they are born. One such, however, is described by W. H. Mallock in his account of Cyprus, entitled "In an Enchanted Island."

On a certain evening there was a succession of thunder showers, and then, all the night, a heavy and ceaseless downpour. "This," said my host, in the morning, "ought to make a river." I asked what he meant by this, and he answered that the river below us was rarely anything more than a dry bed of pebbles, just as it was now.

But generally once—sometimes three times—in the year it would suddenly fill with water, flow for an hour or two, and again become dry and silent. I felt that the sight must be curious and wished that I might be able to witness it.

About 4 o'clock in the afternoon a servant came to my bedroom and asked me to go into the garden. There I found my host with an opera glass, standing on the bank.

"Look!" exclaimed he, pointing. "It is coming. Listen! You can hear it."

I listened and looked. I at last caught a sound, faint and uncertain, as leaves rustling in a dream. Then suddenly, far away on the plain, I saw something flash, like the head of a pointed spear. Gradually this prolonged itself into a slim shining line, which presently took a curve. For a time its course was straight. Then it curved again.

In ten minutes, over the brown surface of the fields the water had stretched itself like a long, silvery snake, and the sound I had heard, growing every instant more distinct, explained itself to the ear as the voice of the stirred pebbles. The river channel skirted the bottom of the garden, and thus, as the flood went by, we had every opportunity of observing it. It sushed itself forward, headed by a mass of bubbles and scum; it split itself into fierce rivulets, which, a moment later, were drowned in the body of the stream; it gurgled against banks; it circled into transitory whirlpools.

Gradually, as we watched, its volume seemed to diminish, and in an hour's time there was only a trickling rill, over which a child five years old might have stepped. —Youth's Companion.

The Deepest Lake Known.

By far the deepest lake known in the world is Lake Baikal, in Siberia, which is every way comparable to the great Canadian lakes as regards size; for, while its area of over 9,000 square miles makes it about equal to Erie in superficial extent, its enormous depth of between 4,000 and 4,500 feet makes the volume of its waters almost equal to that of Lake Superior. Although its surface is 1,350 feet above the sea level, its bottom is nearly 3,000 feet below it. The Caspian lake, or sea, as it is usually called, has a depth in its southern basin of over 3,000 feet. Lake Maggiore is 3,000 feet deep, Lake Como nearly 2,000 feet and Lago-di-Garda, another Italian lake, has a depth in certain places of 1,900 feet. Lake Constance is over 1,000 feet deep, and Huron and Michigan reach depths of 900 and 1,000 feet.—New York Telegram.

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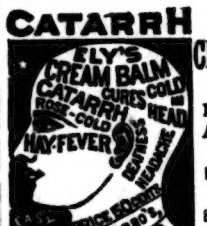

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ESTATE OF WILLIAM LUBECKER, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of William Lubecker, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of March, A. D. 1890, being the 17th day thereof. BARBARA LUBECKER, Administratrix.

Dated Chicago, January 23, 1890.
James O'Connell, Solicitor for Administratrix.

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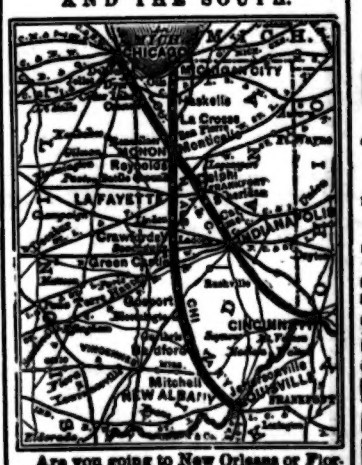

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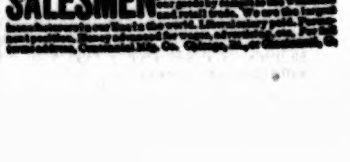

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